

Books by Peter Howard

INNOCENT MEN, 1941 (155th thousand)
FIGHTERS EVER, 1941 (330th thousand)
IDEAS HAVE LEGS, 1945 (175th thousand)
MEN ON TRIAL, 1945 (75th thousand)

THAT MAN
FRANK BUCHMAN

By

PETER HOWARD



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CHAPTER I

SEARCHLIGHT WITHOUT SHADOW

IT WAS a February afternoon in 1945.

Hitler's armies were bleeding their way back to the Reich.

False gods which by pain and force and secrecy had carried the rule of the master race across Europe were being hacked away.

On sodden fields in Holland and Poland, in the jungles of Burma and the mud of China, on Pacific islands, in the skies and on the waters was being paid once more the ageless ransom of bloodshed for the hates, greeds and fears of men.

And in a village of Alsace, from which the Germans had been driven in a hurry only a few hours earlier, an Intelligence officer of the Allied Armies went about his duty.

The Nazis had set up an important headquarters in this place. Here the maps, orders and reports of the Gestapo were filed. And because they had no time or no hope left, the Nazis had quit the place without destroying them.

The Allied Intelligence officer found in the files a secret document of front-rank importance. It contains the Gestapo's report, for the use of the military authorities, on the work of Moral Re-Armament in Europe. The Gestapo saw in this work the heart and sword of the spirit of democracy. "Under the slogan Moral Re-Armament, the Oxford Group has become the pacemaker of Anglo-American diplomacy," says the Nazi report.

“Seldom has any such movement succeeded as the Group has in establishing itself in such a relatively short time in almost all the countries in the world. The anti-Nazi character of the brotherhood of the western democracies comes out clearly in the whole propaganda for the slogan which has the delighted support of all the Jewish propagandists of world democracy. The Oxford Group supplies the Christian garment for world democratic aims.”

This Gestapo document says of the Moral Re-Armament force that they “place themselves fully beneath the Christian Cross, and oppose the Cross of the Swastika with the Cross of Christ, as the Swastika seeks to destroy the Cross of Christ. Moral Re-Armament preaches revolution against the National State and has quite evidently become its Christian opponent.”

The Gestapo saw in MRA the force they feared and hated.

Instructions were given to Nazi military commanders to seize immediately any headquarters of Moral Re-Armament which were in the territories they controlled and to lock up any known to be at the head of the work.

The story of the discovery of this Nazi document was issued from London by the celebrated American Associated Press columnist DeWitt Mackenzie to the 1,400 newspapers which he serves. It was sent out across the world by Reuters and made news and headlines in every corner of the globe.

A letter commenting on the Nazi document appeared in *The Times* of December 29th, 1945. It was signed by Lord Ammon, the Labour peer, Deputy Leader of the Upper House and former Chairman of the London County Council; Harold E. Clay, Chairman of the London Labour Party; Lord Courthope, President of the National Union of Conservative Associations of Great

Britain; the Bishop of Lichfield; Sir Lynden Macassey, who is Chairman of Reuters and one of the most distinguished lawyers in Britain; Sir Cyril Norwood, President of St. John's College, Oxford, and former headmaster of Harrow; and Sir David Ross, Provost of Oriel College and recently Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University.

Part of this letter in *The Times* read, "It (the Nazi document) denounces Dr. Buchman and the Oxford Group for 'uncompromisingly taking up a frontal position against National Socialism.' . . . The whole report throws an interesting light on the Nazi mind as well as finally dispelling the widespread misrepresentations which have been circulated about this Christian movement. It is vital that we should understand the spiritual foundations of democracy as clearly as did our enemies and that we should sustain with all our strength what they feared and hoped to destroy."

This letter, and the world-wide publicity which the discovery of the Gestapo report was given, did much to enlighten those who had been fooled by systematic Marxist efforts in the press and elsewhere through many years to smear the work of Moral Re-Armament.

For Marxism mixes with MRA no better than Hitlerism mixes with it. MRA is the answer to the Materialism which is the mother of both "isms."

Now what is this MRA or Moral Re-Armament—this rising world force of ordinary men and women with a passion and a plan which the anti-democratic philosophies now recognise as democracy's inspired ideology and an effective reply to totalitarianism of any kind?

One man, Frank Buchman, founded the work and is still the soul and centre of it.

In him is a radiance of spirit rather than a striking individuality. His personality is quiet, not loud. He does

not strive to impress himself by the methods of dictatorship or appeasement which so often crop up in the conversations of everyday life. Instead his aim is to create what is right rather than to establish his own rights. He works to draw the best out of everyone around him—and his idea of what they can do and be is far beyond their own.

For the last twenty-five years he, who loves homes, has denied himself the joy of a home of his own. Instead he has travelled all over the world, building up the global framework of a new world order.

He is at ease with people of every background, and they are at ease with him. Some of the richest and poorest in the world, who normally would be tongue-tied and have few points of contact with each other, sit chatting around a room like a family of old friends with Frank Buchman moving among them.

He has that selfless aristocracy of the spirit which treats all men alike because it is always more interested in the other fellow than in itself. Frank Buchman is honest with all men. He tells the truth in simple terms to kings as well as to cabmen. It is not a case with him of syrup to the rich and pepper to the poor—but of the salt which has not lost its savour to all mankind.

He has said straighter things to the great men of the age than any other living man. And he does it with a disinterestedness which helps them to take it and even makes them act upon it.

There is nothing mean or common, but only a delicacy, sensitiveness and sureness of touch. He once said, "You need to be bewhiskered with antennae, so you feel everything that is going on around you and behind you." And he lives up to it. No detail is too small for him and no design too big. While talking with men in whose hands the destiny of China may lie, he also knows about

the cold that a child of the coloured cook in the kitchen has caught, and presently will slip away to ask about it and be sure the right treatment is given.

He has an uncanny knowledge of what is going on on the other side of the hill, either within a human heart or in the heart of a nation. Some of the great military leaders, pioneers and statesmen of the ages have owed success to a touch of this quality. But Frank Buchman seems to have it all the time and every day. When others have cried "All's well", he has foretold the fate of nations. When a certain newspaper ran a Marxist-inspired story against him he told his friends about it two weeks before the article appeared.

If you work with him, it is a common experience that he answers in a matter-of-fact way the question in your mind before you ask it.

His inner eyes have the nature of a spotlight and a searchlight that leaves no shadow. That is, he sees right through you and thinks none the worse of you on account of it.

But some think the worse of him. Being seen through is a sharp affair, if you know in your heart that alterations are necessary but do not mean to make them. "There is nothing more futile than a concern for change in the world on the part of people who do not mean to change themselves," Buchman says.

He feels things deeply. "It was like a knife through my heart the first time I was attacked," he says. "I have sometimes been tempted to ask 'must we always be persecuted?' But that is the lot of revolutionaries. Stones of criticism are so bracing. They just set you up for the day." Though often he could have justified himself in the eyes of the world, Buchman has never once struck back at his opponents.

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Persecution is the fire which forges prophets, and the pain of it brings a quality of understanding which has helped thousands to tell things to Frank Buchman which they would tell to no other living man, knowing their confidence is safe.

Many great men seem to have a grip on the hem of the garment of destiny and to spend their lifetime struggling for their own sakes to get a firmer hold upon it. Not so Frank Buchman. Instead he seems while almost indifferent, and sometimes even resistant, to be in the grip of a destiny far bigger than he is himself. Apart from what he says, does or is, he is thrust remorselessly forward, like a comet on its course, to the very heart of the life of many nations. Whether he likes it or not, his days have been so set. And wherever he goes he draws a battle-line.

From his early beginnings he has seen his goal and moved steadfastly towards it. He does not plot every stage of his journey before he begins it, but his eyes are on the horizon.

Years before the word became fashionable, he began to live and to think ideologically. That is, he recognised that only a world plan of colossal renaissance was adequate in an age when revolutionary materialism is on the march, organised and united through the fabric of every nation.

He has thought and fought for years to build a force that can turn the tide of the living of the world.

In an age of individualism, an era of would-be Titans rather than of effective teams, Buchman long ago fore-saw that it would need more than the leadership of one man to remake a world. So instead of thrusting himself forward he has scientifically and successfully poured himself out to develop others to greatness. "It is the biggest compliment a man can have when somebody

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whom he has trained comes along and does the job better than he can do it," says Frank Buchman.

He has made certain that his work will endure and grow. On a world front he has created a rapidly expanding network of live wires, tens of thousands of men and women who, in an age when anti-democratic ideologies are on the march, fight unitedly to win the struggle for a free future.

CHAPTER II

AWAKENING OF A NATION

THREE problems to be solved before a nation could be remade.

The nation was Norway.

The year 1934.

The problems:

Number 1. As in other countries, politics and industry were a battlefield. Factions fought while the nation weakened. It was political manœuvre for power programmes, not the service of the whole people.

Number 2. The Norwegian churches were torn by division and separated by a critical spirit which made them less effective than they should be.

Number 3. Anti-democratic ideologies were assailing the nation, and the bombardment by subversive moral and political forces was making headway and strongly impacting the youth of Norway.

A revolutionary came to Norway. His name was Frank Buchman. He had a light in his eye and a glint in his heart. For he knew the battle to swing the thinking and living of an entire nation was on.

He had come to Norway at the invitation of Carl Hambro, the President of the Norwegian Parliament. Hambro first met Buchman at Geneva. And Hambro, who became President of the Assembly of the League of Nations, then said that the work of Moral Re-Armament was more important than most of the things the representatives of the nations of the world spent their time discussing in the conference chambers.

AWAKENING OF A NATION

He later went to a meeting in the British House of Commons, where he spoke with Frank Buchman to one hundred and fifty Members of Parliament in a large committee room.

Carl Hambro was so impressed by what he saw and heard that he invited Buchman to bring thirty of his friends to Norway—thirty men to change a nation.

The campaign began when Carl Hambro sent letters to one hundred of the leading figures in Norway, politicians, writers, churchmen, labour leaders and industrialists, bidding them come and meet Frank Buchman and his friends at Hösbjör.

Only one hundred were bidden. But over one thousand turned up at Hösbjör.

The place was deep in snow. Men slept in motor-cars, under tables and in out-buildings. Almost every bed within twenty miles of Hösbjör was filled.

The leader of the Farmers' Party at this time was Johan Mellbye. He had not come to Hösbjör. After a day or two one of his political opponents disappeared from Hösbjör and later returned. He had visited Mellbye and told him that for the first time he saw hope of curing the bitter personal feelings in politics which were tearing the heart of Norway to pieces. After a few days Mellbye turned up at Hösbjör.

The spirit of Hösbjör was such that soon Mellbye and his opponents, who had been by no means on good terms, were sitting around the same table, planning together how to change the political temper of their nation.

A correspondent of *Tidens Tegn*, a Norwegian newspaper, in a special Christmas edition, gave his opinion in these words, "Two months after Frank Buchman and thirty foreigners arrived in Norway the mental attitude of the whole country was definitely changed."

A Danish editor reported the "solution of most difficult political and industrial conflicts in a spirit of reconciliation which is quite astonishing."

He described the debate on the "Declaration of Policy" drawn up by the Government then in power as "something unique, and that not only in Norway. Instead of the usual large-scale set-to between various parties, the Socialist Prime Minister actually found himself thanking the Conservative leader, Stortingspresident Hambro, for having taught them to 'play without discords'."

When a responsible Norwegian was asked at the time about all this, he said, "The coming of the Oxford Group explains the fact that we stubborn Norwegians have settled a great social conflict without strike or lockout."

The campaign spread from end to end of Norway. The first mass meeting was held in the Calmeyergaten Auditorium, Oslo. From the pinnacle of the roof to the crannies of the basement, the place was filled with people. The statesman and the ordinary fellow overflowed the galleries, packed the aisles and squatted around the feet

Picture opposite: Colonel Robert Lee Snider, awarded the Legion of Merit for his part in the defence of London against the flying bombs, brings news from Europe to Frank Buchman in America.

Round the table are some of Frank Buchman's fellow-fighters from Britain, Burma, Canada, Switzerland and the United States. Back left is H. Kenaston Twitchell of Princeton and Balliol College, Oxford, son-in-law of Senator Alexander Smith of New Jersey. Next him is Alan Thornhill, formerly Fellow of Hertford College, Oxford, and author of *The Forgotten Factor*, described by President Truman as "the most important play produced by the war". Knitting is Marion Clayton Anderson, the Hollywood actress, who appeared in *Mutiny on the Bounty* and *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. With his back to the lamp is John McCook Roots of Harvard.



... his idea of what they can do is far beyond their own."

Picture opposite: Fredrik Ramm, Norwegian explorer, newspaper man and patriot. He represented the Press of the world with Amundsen on his flight over the North Pole. In 1943 he died at the hands of the Nazis after helping to spear-point Norwegian resistance to them by living and proclaiming an inspired ideology for democracy. The Norwegian Foreign Minister said of him, "When the truth is told Ramm will go down to history as one of Norway's greatest heroes."



" . . . a jolly-hearted violent-tempered hulk of a man."

of the speakers on the platform. They were there in thousands.

The roadways were blocked with the traffic. Crowds stood patiently waiting outside for two hours while the great meeting was carried through to an end. Then as soon as the auditorium emptied, they thronged in for a second meeting.

Many speakers in many languages gave that vast Oslo crowd a picture of the fight for a new world order against every foreign ideology which sought to place men in the chains of class or race rule.

Finally Frank Buchman stood up, with Carl Hambro at his side to translate the words into Norwegian. Buchman said, "My vision is of a Norway ablaze for Christ. My vision for Norway is a Christian revolution that will make Communism seem conservative."

The newspaper headline next day was "Oxford Group Conquers Oslo." Buchman and his friends travelled from end to end of Norway, moving like revolutionary shuttles through the warp and woof of the nation, weaving a new pattern of life in towns, valleys and farming districts.

Some of the Norwegian churchmen were at this time so preoccupied with scoring theological debating victories over ecclesiastical rivals that they failed to recognise or deal with the moral defeats which were present in the nation and within certain sections of their own ranks.

Buchman poured himself out unceasingly to help the churches of Norway to live once more for the people.

He had many adventures. Once a pious ecclesiastic complained that he had not gone deep enough in his diagnosis of a theological matter. Said Frank Buchman with a chuckle, "I find that some of you people when you get on to a theological point go down deeper, stay

down longer and come up muddier than anybody else I know."

On another occasion a bishop objected that Frank Buchman, who described himself as a Christian revolutionary, had not mentioned Christ enough. "I was surprised when I came to your home yesterday," answered Buchman, "that you never told me you loved your wife." The bishop looked horrified. Never had such a thing been said to him before. "You see," Buchman added, "not all of us find it best to talk about the thing that lies nearest our heart to everybody all the time."

The bishop got the point. He began to fight alongside Frank Buchman.

Later the Primate of the Norwegian Church, Bishop Berggrav, made an apology to Professor Hallesby, the head of the fundamentalist element. For years these men had fought each other. The rift between them symbolised a split through the whole Church.

Bishop Berggrav's apology began to heal the breach. From that simple action, and the years of faithful and inspired work by the Oxford Group, sprang the fighting and unbreakable unity of the Norwegian churches which was the admiration of the whole world during the years of Nazi occupation. Carl Hambro summed it up when in 1945 he said, "Frank Buchman is the catalyst who made possible the united church front in Norway."

Part of Frank Buchman's genius has been his capacity to train and to trust others. Thus in Norway, during the months he spent there, he and his friends successfully sought and raised a new leadership within the nation. That leadership developed and strengthened the defences of Norwegian democracy against the attacks made upon it by totalitarian creeds of one kind or another. When

war came and the country was occupied by the Nazis, they were a shield of liberty, a spear of resistance and part of the steel which kept the heart of Norway secure.

One of the best known of these men was Fredrik Ramm. His leadership produced results which made the Norwegian Foreign Minister say at the height of the Nazi reign of terror, "When the truth is told, Ramm will go down in history as one of Norway's greatest heroes."

Freddie Ramm was a Norwegian newspaperman with an international reputation. He was selected to represent the press of the entire world on Amundsen's flight across the North Pole in an airship. He was a jolly-hearted, violent-tempered hulk of a man with a first-rate mind.

Carl Hambro invited him to the first meeting at Hösbjör. He went cynical, critical and bitter. He travelled up to the mountain hotel with one of the men who had come to Norway with Frank Buchman. "What is going to happen up there?" Freddie asked. "Miracles —and you'll be one of them!" was the reply. It came true.

Downstairs in a bar Freddie blew off steam. The Moral Re-Armament men listened and said nothing.

Then suddenly Freddie remarked, "I see I've had too big an opinion of Fredrik Ramm." "Not too big, too small," they replied.

Later Frank Buchman painted Ramm a picture of what a man like him could do for his nation if he decided to give everything to change the minds and lives of the millions and the leaders of the millions.

Freddie never forgot his talks with Buchman.

Describing four years later what happened to him, Freddie said, "Just as if the miracle were four minutes old and did not lie four years back in time, I remember

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the liberation which came to me and how the ice in my heart melted and a new and unknown feeling began to grow and a love of men unfettered by what they could give me."

He became a uniting instead of a divisive force in Norway. He began in his own home by asking the forgiveness of his wife and children for the conduct and coldness of the years.

Thus he had an answer in his own life for the doctrinaires of materialism who preach immorality on a world front, knowing that moral bolshevism often precedes political bolshevism.

Freddie saw that the tactics of the totalitarians, then as now, were to divide one nation from another. He travelled to Denmark. At Odense, Hans Andersen's birthplace, he told three thousand Danes that he was sorry for his hatred of their country and for the way he had tried to stir up trouble between the two countries. It was Norway's National Day, when the nation celebrates the anniversary of her free constitution, marking the final breakaway from Denmark. Freddie, the Norwegian, asked the Danes to join with him in singing the Danish national anthem. They did so. Then after a moment's hush and without a word of prompting, they sang the Norwegian anthem. Freddie successfully built unity in Scandinavia when both Nazis and Marxists were trying to stir up hatred and division so they could mobilise the bitterness to occupy the territory with their ideas.

The flame of Freddie's enthusiasm set the hearts of the youth of Norway ablaze, just at a time when they were being subjected to bombardments of unexampled power from the "isms" of Left and Right. When Frank Buchman first came to Norway, the Rektor of Oslo University

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in welcoming him said the student body was being assailed by subversive moral and political forces and he was powerless to stop them.

The Institute of Technology, Norges Tekniske Høi-skole, at Trondheim, one of the largest and most famous educational establishments in Norway, had a student council which for seven years had been influenced by Marxist and other political extremists.

A year later Trondheim chose a student changed by Frank Buchman, Freddie Ramm and their friends, to be President of their Students' Representative Council. At the national students' Conferences of 1935 and 1939 the press remarked that "the Oxford spirit" dominated the conferences. So came true the words of the four Oslo professors who prophesied in 1934 in a letter to the *Spectator*, "The coming of the Oxford Group will prove to be a turning point in Norwegian history. They have come at the strategic moment with the right answer."

In wartime Freddie Ramm and his friends were a hot end of the poker in the resistance to the Nazis. That is what Quisling, who had left the Communists to lead the Nazis in his own country, meant when he complained, "The Oxford Group has poisoned the soul of Norway," while the Primate of the Norwegian Church described the movement as "the most important since the Reformation."

Freddie Ramm stood to attention in the street and sang the Norwegian national anthem as the Nazis marched through Oslo. He wrote a series of articles in the press called "What to do in the Blackout." The Nazi censors thought they must be harmless with such a sensible title, and let them go through. These articles gave a philosophy of resistance.

Finally the Nazis tumbled to it and Freddie was

arrested. He was sentenced to death, but later reprieved to life imprisonment and sent to Hamburg.

He was kept there two years, much of the time on meagre rations and in solitary confinement. He was offered more food and liberty if he would make munitions for the Nazis. He refused.

Finally his magnificent physique crumpled under the strain. He began to die. When death became certain the Nazis put him on an ambulance but he died before he reached home.

Carl Hambro summed up the work of the Oxford Group in Norway throughout the war in writing his introduction to *Remaking the World*, the collected speeches of Frank Buchman. Hambro says, "The Germans decreed that the Oxford Group was a part of the British Intelligence Service and should be harshly suppressed—a most flattering and slightly ridiculous compliment to the British Intelligence Service. The Gestapo feared and hated the Oxford Group as they could never fear and hate the British Intelligence Service. They hated them as men hate and fear the ideals they have lost and prostituted, the faith they have betrayed. They feared them because instinctively they knew the Oxford Group was part of God's Intelligence Service preparing the way for an ultimate defeat of the principles of evil."

Erling Wikborg, Advocate of Norway's Supreme Court and a leading figure in Norway's Parliament, said in Edinburgh in February, 1946, "The Oxford Group went straight into our national life . . . The coming of the Oxford Group to Norway was one of the big factors in creating the unity and the fighting force of my country during the war."

Bishop Fjellbu, who worked throughout the war inside Norway with Bishop Berggrav at the heart of the Church

resistance against Nazidom, said, "The first coming of the Oxford Group to Norway was an intervention of Providence in history like Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain . . . When the Germans came we all united to fight them . . . The foundations of our real unity were laid by the Oxford Group. We have been fighting more than an armed enemy. We have been fighting godless materialism. The Oxford Group gave us men who helped us to fight for a Christian ideology. The opposition comes from those who refuse to accept Christian moral standards. We must not have illusions about the future. This moral war must be won. Unless there is a change of heart in us all the world will go to hell. Those who try to govern in politics without moral standards will go to hell with the whole of civilisation."

So much for the three main problems which at that moment in history faced Norway.

First, a new moral climate in politics and industry was created.

Second, a united church front.

Third, the birth of a faith in the heart of an entire people adequate to arm them against totalitarian creeds even when an enemy had occupied their territory.

That is the measure of the achievement of Frank Buchman and his men in Norway which history already has recorded.

CHAPTER III

THE OXFORD REVOLUTION

TIME is the artist who has mingled the colours of the ancient city of Oxford, mellowed the stone of the buildings into its grey half-tones and pastels, and merged the edges of the roofs into an uneven pattern of beauty against the rain-swept English skies.

Hour after hour through centuries the clocks chorus time away, with mighty Tom bell bringing up the rear.

There are narrow cobbled streets, stone stairways worn into curves by the clump of four hundred years of undergraduates' boots, a ring of friendly rivers, carpets of grass woven by twelve generations of prudent, patient husbandry.

The rooms of Oxford are big with history. They are wombs from which have sprung ideas to reshape the destiny of mankind.

The men who lived in them through the centuries were sinners as well as saints, human as we are human. Often they were martyrs who made mistakes rather than financiers who made fortunes.

But the best of the faith that was in them, Oxford's big idea, is enshrined in the motto of the University "The Lord Is My Light," in the architecture, the names of the colleges, the writings and the lives of the men of Oxford through the ages. And when that lamp from time to time has burned low there has been a succession of scholars, saints and statesmen who fought against prejudice in their day to kindle the flame again.

Oxford at the end of the first Great War—a scene

such as the old University walls had never watched before, a scene when youth was up for auction—and the marching ideologies of the day were bidding for them.

There was a spirit of eat, drink and be merry for the dying was all done yesterday. Young men who for years had shivered and bled and endured in the mud of Flanders, who had watched their friends die, heard them groan from their wounds in the darkness of No Man's Land at night, and so had in some cases grown callous to the killing of others—young men who had seen everything of the emptiness and little of the fullness of living almost before they were on the doorstep of manhood—young men who were veterans of experience and out for a good time.

Jazzing, sex, cash—the philosophy of “do-as-you-please” and “get-rich-quick-or-go-to-the-wall”, the aimlessness of apathy and “what-does Anything-matter”—these ideas, which became the seedbed of the “isms” in other lands, were a main feature of the life of Oxford University in those post-war days.

The head of one Oxford college said at this time, “Remember we breathe an atmosphere at Oxford in which is no ozone.” The head of another college, who can be named, remarked that his method of helping young men to equip themselves for life was, “See every freshman gets drunk at least once in his first term. End up yourself with the boys under the table.”

There were idealists too, whose minds turned towards such institutions as the League of Nations and drew comfort from such phrases as “the brotherhood of man.” Some hoped that the Church would supply the answer. But idealism turned slowly to disillusionment as the post-war years rushed by.

There were others who saw what was wrong. They

knew also what was right. They lived what was right themselves, but did not understand how to make it effective in the lives of men and nations.

It was into this atmosphere that Frank Buchman stepped in his search for leadership to launch a renaissance that would remake the world.

Oxford is one of the most exclusive centres of youth in the world. In it you may find many deep-grooved intellectual, social and even racial preconceptions. Not the easiest place, one might have thought, for a man at that time not so well known as he is today to operate.

But Buchman offered the best of the men at Oxford a great idea destined to be the master force for millions in the future—and as he did it he drew through the centre of the heart, head and spirit of the whole of Britain a moral battleline.

Many of the men who joined him on his early visits to Oxford are still at his side and have exported the true spirit of Oxford's finest tradition and idea to the far corners of the globe.

The first man Frank Buchman enlisted in the fight for a new world was a Scottish soldier just demobilised from the Army and in residence in Peckwater Quad, Christ Church.

A Rhodes scholar introduced him to Buchman at an evening party where a philosophic debate in the typical Oxford tradition was being held. The air was delicious with Dunhills, and spiced, mulled claret was being passed around. "The crowd was ninety per cent ex-officer undergraduates from majors downwards," recalls the Scottish soldier, who is working with Frank Buchman to this day. "Men with reputations from the Intelligence Service, from the Navy, veterans of twenty and twenty-two with rows of medals never seen or

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referred to—men who have since gone into important positions in Education, Civil Service, Diplomacy and Empire-building.”

Until after eleven o'clock at night Frank Buchman listened and said nothing. Then the philosophers called on Buchman to speak. At once the atmosphere changed. In the language of the ordinary man he gave his picture of a new world order. “Everybody wants to see the other fellow changed. Every nation wants to see the other nation changed. But everybody is waiting for the other to begin.”

He called the young people of Oxford to the greatest task of post-war planning ever undertaken—the remaking of the world by men ready to change, unite and fight together to turn back the tide of materialism which was sweeping across the continents.

Many of the best of young Oxford responded to the appeal. The head of a college offered the Scottish soldier free board and bed in his house so the new enlistment could continue.

Frank Buchman's days began early. Buchman had long since learned that human wisdom alone is inadequate for men and nations. His life is tuned to a supernatural source of power. “Definite, accurate, adequate information,” he says, “can come from the Mind of God to the mind of man. Only you must be willing to take time to get it and obey what comes.” No matter how short the night, he is up early listening to God, getting His plan for the day. So he fulfils the motto of Oxford University, “God My Light”.

He never fails to write down the thoughts that come so they can be checked and remembered, and often repeats the ancient Chinese proverb, “The strongest memory is weaker than the palest ink.”

He and his friends knew exactly what they were fighting for. They proclaimed it to senior Oxford in the stately common rooms and at the pageantry of High Table in Hall. They proclaimed it to the best type of university man and also to the drunk or hearty as he went in his pursuit of beer and beauty. There were private luncheons and discussions, also open forums and free-for-alls on Sunday night. A. J. Russell, who was a high executive of a national newspaper, wrote of these occasions: "No juvenile Pecksniffs here, but faces that shone . . . there was no hesitancy. One undergraduate followed another quickly. Each spoke in the same easy style. Not the argumentative arrogance of youth in the debating society . . . there were no blatant confessions . . . each spoke with candour and naturalness and with many unrehearsed human touches . . . these young men had begun to learn what was rarely taught elsewhere—*how to live.*"

As the numbers of those ready to fight with Buchman grew, Harold Begbie, who had made a world reputation with his *Mirrors of Downing Street*, one of the most searching political documents of the twentieth century, described them in these terms : "The character of these men, some of them so brilliant in scholarship, others so splendid in athletics, and all of them, without one exception, so modest and so disturbingly honest, was responsible for my reawakened interest. They were men of the first class, men whom one may fairly call not only the fine flower of our English-speaking civilisation, but representative of the best hope we possess of weathering the storms of materialism which so palpably threaten to overwhelm the ship which carries the spiritual fortunes of humanity. It was impossible in their company to doubt any longer that the man who had changed their

lives, and had made them also changers of other men's lives, was a person of very considerable importance. One regarded him with a new interest, a fresh reverence."

Among the cliques, cults and *chi-chi* of Oxford society, Buchman and his friends drew the moral battleline for dons and undergraduates alike. The solid bone and flesh of a new world philosophy taking shape in the lives and hearts of changed men was a phenomenon of experience that could not be argued away or laughed off. Oxford scorned, but could not stay away.

So opposition grew among the crowds who used to meet at the Randolph Hotel, which had the only room in Oxford suitable for the meetings of this gathering force of world remakers. The potentates of the status quo in matters of ecclesiasticism and intellectualism, the materialists of Right and Left headed the attacks.

A London reporter, primed by the opposition, played up a fictitious account of the character of the meetings and started an attack in the London press. The fight for a new world became front-page news.

Next Sunday evening a party of undergraduates, with liquor under their belts and a theological student at their head, turned up at the Randolph Hotel where the usual meeting was expected to take place. They had come to wreck the meeting and had a reporter with them. They were met by two polite gentlemen who informed them the meeting was to be elsewhere that night. Frank Buchman with his uncanny habit of prescience which is normal living for him had fooled them. He and his hundreds of friends had gone to the University Church, where a service had been arranged for them.

Just the same the morally, intellectually and ecclesiastically defeated within the University, aided by the unholy freemasonry which links people of that type on a

world front, continued to attack a work which they recognised as a threat to their social, economic and political ambitions. Rumours were spread. Lies were told. Publicity was manœuvred. And here all credit must be given to a group of some of the most distinguished men in Oxford who cared enough for truth to proclaim it whatever it might cost them.

The following letter appeared in *The Times*:

Sir,

A report has been widely circulated regarding the work of the groups in Oxford associated with the name of Rev. F. N. D. Buchman, D.D. From what we have observed of the results of this work, it is our belief that this criticism has arisen from misunderstanding and unfounded rumour, and misrepresents the spirit of the work.

Yours faithfully,

A. D. LINDSAY, Master of Balliol,
M. E. SADLER, Master of University College,
W. B. SELBIE, Principal, Mansfield College,
F. R. BARRY, Vicar of St. Mary's University Church,
G. F. GRAHAM BROWN, Principal, Wycliffe Hall,
J. P. THORNTON-DUESBURY, Vice-Principal, Wycliffe Hall,
L. W. GRENSTED, Fellow and Chaplain of University College,
W. E. S. HOLLAND,
W. C. COSTIN, Dean of St. John's College,
F. H. BRABANT, Chaplain, Wadham College,
D. C. LUSK, Presbyterian Chaplain to the University.

Grensted, one of Oxford's well-known professors and psychologists, said, "I know these men. I know their work. I can speak of its general sanity and effectiveness. It is helping those it touches to be better scholars, better athletes."

Opposition was silenced for the moment.

At Princeton University two years previously, when similar forces led the same attack, few men of scholarship

were willing to put truth before reputation. The forces of moral confusion had spread confusion of mind. However, when an investigation committee was appointed it gave a complete vindication. United States Senator Alexander Smith of New Jersey, at that time Executive Secretary, second in command of Princeton, and secretary of the investigating committee, wrote, "Our report was a complete vindication and endorsement of the work that had been carried on. I can say without fear of contradiction that no evidence whatever of a discreditable nature has ever been brought against Frank Buchman or his work."

At Oxford hundreds of men enlisted in the force. Alan Thornhill, at that time an undergraduate and later a don at the University, writes of his first meeting with Frank Buchman, "We spent a Sunday with him, over one hundred of us, in a house a few miles outside Oxford overlooking the Thames. They were a cross-section—athletes, intellectuals, pagans and politically-minded. Buchman did little of the talking. Instead he had the art of creating an atmosphere in which everybody else was at his best. At the end of the day he spoke himself. He said, 'Our task now is to rivet, rivet, rivet.' I saw later his meaning. He was building a world structure, a new leadership based rivet by rivet on costly moral decisions. That same evening he said, 'Some people love to dream about the sweet bye and bye. They won't do anything about the nasty now and now. Your job is to bring cure to the most difficult men and the most difficult situations you can see anywhere.' "

From the beginning Frank Buchman had a world plan for his world force. While young men were marching to the thunder of Marxist, Nazi or Fascist songs and slogans, Buchman was training leadership to

outrevolutionise the materialistic revolutions and to build a structure which would outgrow and outfight and outlast the warring "isms."

In vacations he took his men on training trips all over the world, so welding a striking force that understood global problems and movements and presently could bring an answering philosophy, democracy's inspired ideology, Moral Re-Armament, to whole nations—a force united, trained and fired with a great idea.

And summer after summer over forty countries sent back their selected leadership for training at world assemblies at Oxford where the growing heart of an inspired world ideology began to take shape and to beat. At the last assembly there more than 10,000 people met as fellow-fighters with Frank Buchman.

But the materialistic ideas had taken legs. They were on the march, and already the earth began to tremble with the tramp of jack-boots.

The materialists planned a drive to capture the intellectual youth centres of the world, including Oxford.

These forces wanted to see the decay of healthy patriotism, they wanted Oxford to stand for comfort, sex, cash, security, appeasement, class war and materialistic revolution, and they worked secretly as well as openly to achieve their ends.

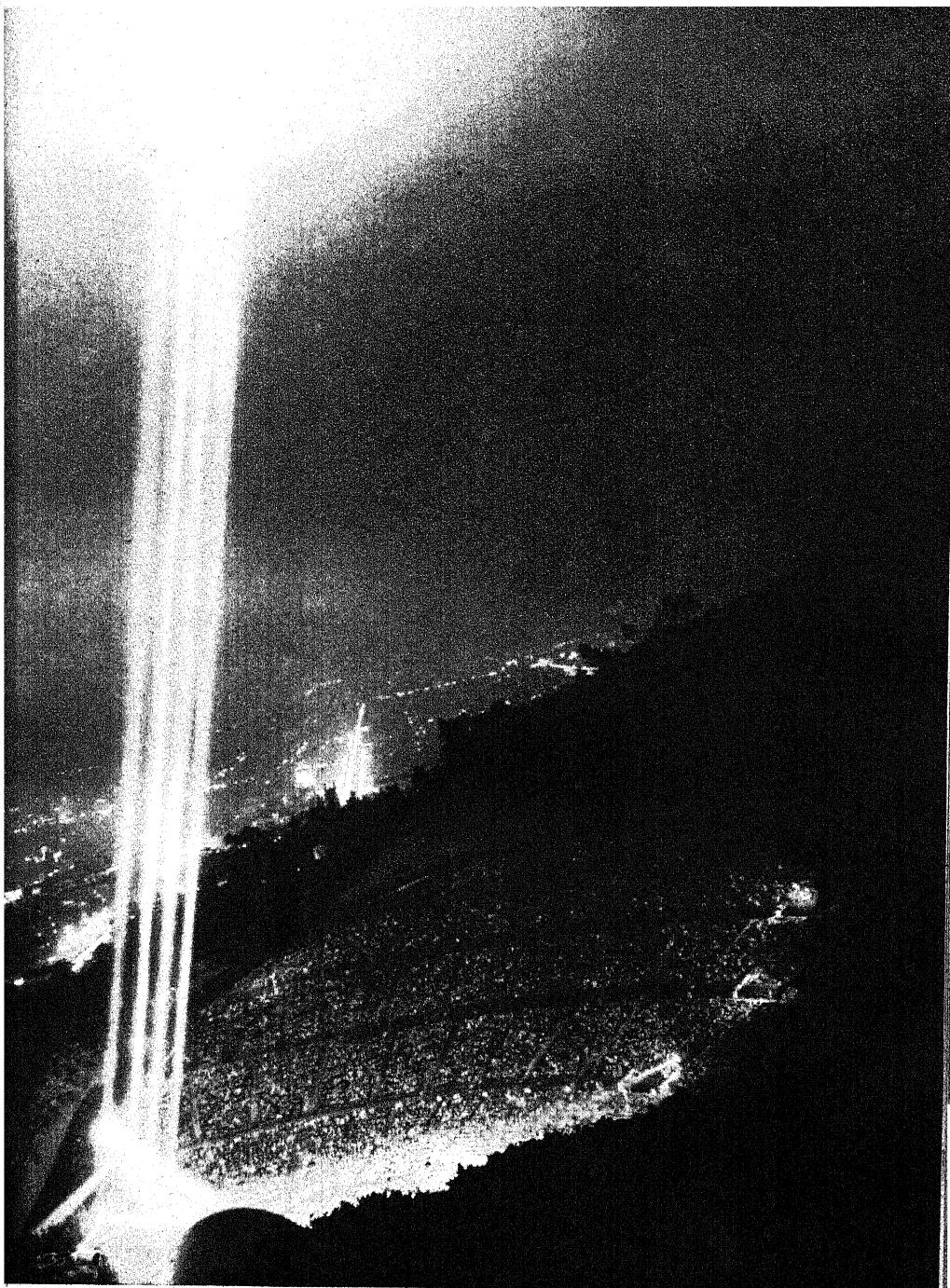
Instead they found that millions all over the world, as a result of Frank Buchman's statesmanship, began

Picture opposite: In the High at Oxford are some of the men who enlisted during the inter-war years in the fight for a remade world. Of the men shown in this picture several served with spearhead divisions of the British Army in Europe, one holds a senior position in the British Embassy at Washington and another was jointly responsible for the reversal by the Oxford Union of the notorious resolution "not to fight for King and Country."



“ . . . the best of young Oxford . . . ”

Picture opposite: Hollywood Bowl, California, where 30,000 gathered in July, 1939, for the Moral Re-Armament Call to the Nations. Fifteen thousand people had to be turned away. Messages were sent to this Assembly by President Roosevelt and by Heads of States and Cabinet Ministers from all over the world.



“ . . . the sunrise of a new illumination . . . ”

to associate with the name Oxford a marching Christian ideology which was awakening their nations.

The materialists hated this and fought it.

The issue focused when Frank Buchman and his friends applied to the Board of Trade for a charter of incorporation as an association not for profit with the name of The Oxford Group.

Such charters are granted only after the most scrupulous investigation. The President of the Board of Trade is answerable to Parliament in such matters.

The enemies of Buchman tried to stir up a nationwide campaign against him. They rightly felt that the granting of such a charter would give national recognition to a work they feared. They hoped also to enlist others who, though men of goodwill, did not see the full issues at stake.

Certain sections of the Press were persuaded to join in the campaign of misrepresentation. Clouds of dust were scattered in millions of eyes and a planned effort was made to muddy the waters with the slime of smear.

But from end to end of Britain letters poured in demanding that justice should be done. Over a hundred distinguished Oxford men in British public life sent a petition in support.

And from every corner of the globe evidence came flooding in to the officials concerned in favour of MRA.

So on June 13th, 1939, an ideological victory in the battle for the faith of democracy, a battle which still continues, was recorded.

The Oxford Group was granted its charter by the Board of Trade.

Dr. B. H. Streeter, Provost of The Queen's College and one of the outstanding intellects of this century, watched

the battle and growth of Moral Re-Armament from the time Frank Buchman arrived at Oxford.

After a time he publicly joined in the fight at Buchman's side.

The following statement was prepared by him a few weeks before he died in an air crash in 1937. It represents the considered judgment of the best type of Oxford mind of our day.

"I was drawn to the Oxford Group not primarily by failure to meet personal or family problems (though since coming into it I have got much help in regard to such problems), but by my despair of the world situation —a despair which nowadays is not confined to myself. All my life I have been interested in world affairs, and have made use of the opportunities to travel in Europe, and I have visited India, China and Japan. I was at the Institute of Pacific Relations Conference at Kyoto in 1929, and was again in Japan on a lecture tour when war broke out in Manchuria; and I have been to America, both before and after the great slump. The more I have seen of the trend of things, the less ground I have found for hope.

"I was one of those who expected much from the League of Nations, and from the various projects started since the war for dealing with economic conflict and social reform. These things are failing humanity, not from any imperfection in the machinery, but from the lack of sufficient goodwill in the mass of mankind and in their leaders, to make such machinery work.

"I saw how largely the moral energies of Christianity were demobilised, partly through difference of opinion on points of doctrine or church organisation, but still more by failure to realise in actual life the religious and moral ideals which Christians are unanimous in professing.

"The Oxford Group is recalling the churches to their proper task of saving the souls of nations as well as individuals; and as it is not an organisation it competes with no Christian denomination, though it aspires to revivify all. By 1934 I had seen enough of the Group to realise that it was making bad men good and good men better more rapidly and on a more international scale than any other movement. And I decided that it was my duty to step into the boat and handle an oar, instead of continuing to shout from the towpath a judicious mixture of criticism and encouragement.

"I went with the Group to Denmark three times, and what I saw there convinced me that the movement was not merely an instrument of moral rebirth and psychological liberation for individuals, but was capable of moving nations as such by initiating a new mental attitude in economic and political conflicts. On the first occasion, the work was done by persons from some twenty different countries—mainly from Great Britain, America, South Africa and Norway, though with smaller contingents from Germany, Holland and France. On the second occasion, in August, half the work was done by Danes who had come into the Group in the previous April. On the third occasion, the initiative had passed to the Danes themselves, the activities of the foreign contingents being supplementary. That is to say, within the year the Oxford Group had become in Denmark a national force under Danish leadership.

"Evidence accumulated of the effect on the conduct of everyday life. We heard, for example, of a rise in the standard of commercial honesty in certain circles in the capital, of a readiness in leading politicians to approach the discussion of burning economic problems in a spirit of friendly and constructive conference rather than in

one of party bitterness and intrigue. Customs officers reported an unfamiliar influx of conscience money, and there has been a marked diminution in the statistics of divorce. Thus in one country in Europe, in the space of one year, there has been born a new spirit in facing the conflicts which threatened the collapse of civilisation.

“History shows that in case of wars, revolutions, strikes and other major conflicts, a relatively small weight of public opinion on the one side or the other, or the presence or absence of moral insight and courage in a few individuals in positions of influence, has often turned the balance between a reasonable settlement and a fight to the finish. Modern civilisation can only be saved by a moral revival. But for this it would suffice if every tenth or hundredth person were changed. For each such person raises the level of those whom he touches in the home, in business, and in public affairs.

“What I saw happening in Denmark can happen in Britain. It will happen if those who lead Britain learn to find in God their inspiration and direction. And Britain, thus led, would save the world.”

In March 1946, the University paper, *The Isis*, in a full-page editorial on the Oxford Group, says “There is space only for a brief mention of the evidence—and it is evidence and not propaganda—which shows that the Group is an unusually successful movement for spreading Christianity.” *The Isis* adds, “Oxford has no need to be ashamed of any real spiritual crusade that she fosters . . . we feel that their opponents, so vitriolic and yet so vague, have held the floor too long and failed to substantiate their charges.”

CHAPTER IV

WAR OF IDEAS

THE WAR of arms has been won. The war of ideas still spreads and rages. Anti-democratic ideas are still on the march, united on a world front, out to create division and to seize control.

Democracy needed a Dunkirk and a Pearl Harbour before she fully awoke in the war of arms. But if there is a Pearl Harbour or Dunkirk in the war of ideas it will not be put right in the lifetime of our children.

Industry is a major battlefield in the war of ideas. It is the source of power and controls nations. That is why totalitarian groups are ever bidding first to divide it, then to rule it.

What happens in industry today may decide whether or not our children grow up in a free world. So today our fighting men return home after a victorious war of arms to end tyranny and find industry becoming a battlefield. There is still the blind, black selfishness of the top dog and the blind, red bitterness of the under dog which leads to dog-fights, until sooner or later the strong man or strong group steps in to chain both dogs for ever.

Frank Buchman's revolutionary philosophy for industry has never wavered. He summed it up in a speech in the East End of London in 1938 with these words: "Only a new spirit in men can bring a new spirit in industry. Industry can be the pioneer of a new order where national service replaces selfishness and where industrial planning is based upon the guidance of God. When Labour, Management and Capital become

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partners under God's guidance, then industry takes its true place in national life."

Whether we love it or hate it, Labour is steadily extending its political power on a world scale. And what will Labour do with it? Labour stands at the divide of her destiny. Will Labour be governed by greed or governed by God? The "isms" of extreme materialistic Left and Right both try to exploit Labour. They use it to gain control for themselves.

The idea of Frank Buchman and Moral Re-Armament frees Labour and shows the ordinary man his destiny as remaker of the world. "Labour led by God can lead the world," says Buchman.

Where Marx has turned the thinking of millions of workers to materialism and class warfare, Moral Re-Armament is turning the thinking of millions in both Labour and Management to honesty, trust and teamwork, where men of goodwill unite in the interest and safety of their nation above party, class, race, point of view and personal advantage.

MRA draws the moral chalk-line between those who believe in revolutionary moral change, leading to revolutionary social and economic changes, at any personal cost, and those who are content with a superficial material change because they hope to get more out of it for themselves.

Frank Buchman's pattern for industry and Labour has always been home-made. Experience has shown that those who have war at home are not likely to bring peace to industry. Indeed in neither Labour nor Management can a man be a sound leader unless he has a sound home.

The tale of John Riffe is typical of thousands of stories which show how a new spirit can spread from one industrial home to swing nations.

John is six feet two inches high and almost as square. He weighs over eighteen stone, and comes from the coal mines and hills of Kentucky. He was a Labour organiser and campaigner in that bitter industrial field.

When the CIO (Congress of Industrial Organisations) began to organise the steel industry, John was sent to the West Coast of America to bring the steelworkers into the rapidly-growing Steelworkers' Union. It was led by a Scot, Philip Murray, who since then has become President of the CIO for the whole of America.

In 1940 John Riffe and his wife were invited by Frank Buchman and his men to join him at an Industrial Training Centre at Brookdale, California. They arrived with several other steelworkers' organisers, not intending to stay the night.

But they were so gripped by the spirit of the place and the new philosophy they saw that they stayed.

Rose, John's wife, is about half his size. But when it came to an argument, weight did not count and they were evenly matched. The home had in it the elements of breakdown, his men were on strike and John was at odds with some of the leaders of his own union.

Both John and Rose Riffe decided to get honest with each other about where they had been wrong, and a new love was born between them.

John Riffe said, "This is what the nation needs, but how can I get it? How can I solve a strike in industry when I have a sitdown strike at home every day?"

But when he and Rose began to change they found an answer to war at the breakfast table and John began to apply the answer to the conference table. In the next six weeks he accomplished more successful work than he had in the nine months which went before. John Riffe says of this, "Through the faithful help of Frank

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Buchman and his men over a period of weeks, my own inner attitude changed to such an extent that I was able to take the initiative in breaking the bottleneck of stubborn resistance which is the constant holdback to industrial peace.

"Since then my relationships with all men have improved a hundred per cent. These workers of Frank Buchman are doing more than any other group to bring harmony and stability into the whole industrial situation in America."

Proudly, a year or more after the meeting in California, John and Rose Riffe welcomed Frank Buchman to their own home. They brought in their relatives. Their best china was laid out for him. Special cookies had been baked.

And best of all was the new baby, Joanna, whose christening had been postponed until Buchman was there. For Joanna was the fruit of the new unity that had come to the home.

This new home life gave Riffe a quality of discipline and leadership. His work so improved that Philip Murray, head of the CIO, placed him in a position of national responsibility to handle disputes in the steel industry. Part of the work meant the organising of the great Bethlehem Steel Corporation.

This incident shows the quality of leadership John was giving. There was a strike at Bethlehem's Lackawanna Plant and John had gone there to obtain a just and swift settlement.

The disturbance broke out the day Riffe arrived. The police had appointed special deputies to help them control the strikers. One of these lost his temper and threw a tear-gas bomb into the picket lines. The men came running to John Riffe's office and demanded reprisals. An ugly situation threatened.

John Riffe had to think and act swiftly. He went straight to the line of police and talked to the man who had thrown the bomb. He told about his own temper and how often he had made bad situations worse by losing it.

The special deputy apologised, admitting he had been over hasty. The police were so convinced of John's sincerity that after this incident if there was the hint of any disturbance the workers concerned were sent by them to John's office instead of being taken off to jail. One of the labour organisers present said, "If it had not been for John's new way of handling the thing, there'd have been blood and teeth and ambulances all round the place and we'd *never* have had a settlement after that."

John Riffe helped to arrange for Frank Buchman and his men in 1942 to appear at the first Constitutional Convention of the United Steelworkers of America in Cleveland and put on a patriotic revue showing the spirit of Moral Re-Armament in vivid, simple scenes.

The two thousand delegates arrived. A minority element among them tried to make trouble—but they utterly failed. When the show ended the applause was like an earthquake.

Duncan Corcoran, one of Riffe's best friends, a shipyard worker and machinist, a lifelong union man who comes from the same area in Scotland as Philip Murray, addressed the delegates. He said, "A new spirit can grip the mind and muscle of every worker for a revolutionary conception of teamwork and maximum production. Friction between men causes more trouble than friction in machines. My mate and I learned this at the bench. But when we got honest and said 'sorry' we had a team.

"Teamwork will come not by chance but by change.

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Labour has got to learn to work together. Management and Labour have got to learn to work together.

“We must fight for this new spirit. We need men who will burn and fight for their nation. Change. Unite. Fight. That is the programme.”

Philip Murray rose to his feet, and calling it “a magnificent evening” said, “This has the inspirational value to create that spirit, that kind of unity, for which America is looking.” He described the Moral Re-Armament programme, given in a handbook, as “a call to action against the divisive materialism which is our unseen enemy. It must appeal to all whose fight is for a new social order as an essential defence of American democracy.”

Of this same programme Howard Coonley, former President of the National Association of Manufacturers of America, urging industrialists to set the pace in creating a new spirit in industry, said, “It is the best instrument we have seen to bring this new spirit to birth.”

As the spirit of Moral Re-Armament spreads through industry it meets everywhere the smash and smear campaigns of the extreme subversive power groups of Right and Left who want to exploit the situation for their own ends.

Thus recently in a national left-wing paper in America a Marxist wrote, “MRA is certainly a national force which cannot be dismissed lightly. Its tentacles of treacle to which we refer have reached into so many places and have sapped the strength and moral fibre of so many organisations that the prospect is indeed frightening.”

The true issues were summed up in an editorial in the nationally known Labour newspaper, the *Minnesota Union Advocate*, which in December, 1945, referring to

an attack on MRA, said "some minority groups . . . have all the earmarks of following out party-line tactics which dictate a policy of divide and rule, assail and conquer, poison and take over."

A figure with an international reputation in Labour, whose meeting with Frank Buchman has widely influenced the mind of British Labour, is George Light. He is Chairman of the National Trade Union Club of Britain, a friend of Attlee, Bevin, Morrison and most of the top figures in British Labour. For over thirty years he has been active in the Labour movement, and is one of the early members of the Dyers' and Bleachers' Union of Yorkshire, his own home county, and pioneer in the Workers' Educational Association.

He is large in frame and still larger in heart, with a fine mind and a quality that changes the mind and heart of the other fellow. He says about his meeting with Buchman:

"Frank Buchman has won the affection and friendship of leaders of Labour throughout the world. I met him first in 1933. I had been asked to stand for Parliament at the time, and was thinking of doing so. I was in Oxford and walked into the Moral Re-Armament meeting at the Randolph Hotel.

"Some days later as I was passing the college called Lady Margaret Hall, Frank Buchman spoke to me and asked me to sit down and talk to him. He immediately sent into the hall, brought two chairs, and, sitting outside together we discussed the Labour situation in Great Britain, with definite reference to the problem of unemployment.

"I was surprised at his knowledge of European politics and the distress caused by the industrial depression throughout the world. And I remember distinctly him

saying, 'What we all need is a change of heart. Men and women with a knowledge of God and led by God would end the distress of poverty caused by unemployment quicker than anything else. You may be the one to bring this great change about—who knows! You may do a greater work for your Labour movement by lifechanging than by going into Parliament.' "

George Light has been fighting along with Frank Buchman and his men ever since.

He continues with his story, "My next conversation with Frank Buchman I will never forget. I was out of a job. Three million of us were in the same fix in England at that time. I talked to Frank Buchman about the workless and the unemployed.

" 'One great task which confronts our generation is to make the wealth and the work of the world available for all and for the exploitation of none,' he said to me. 'I have had guidance this morning. I want you to come into my room and talk to me about it.' We went into his small room, and as he walked towards his desk he said, 'My guidance is to share the money I have with you.'

"From his drawer he took out a bank book and asked me to look at it. I protested at first, but finally did so. Then he said, 'I am going to share that with you.'

"His generous statement left me speechless. He took his wallet from his coat pocket and emptied the contents on to the table. He thrust into my hand one half his entire financial resources, and as I was about to turn to go out of the room, he shook me by the hand and said with a smile, 'We are both Socialists now.'

"Of course, Frank Buchman was not speaking in a political sense of Socialism. His own life and lifework are above party, class or viewpoint. And he knows as well as any man alive 'that there is far more in the

philosophy of sound Socialism than to divide your wallet with your neighbour. But it was his humorous and gracious way of helping me to accept a gift which at that time he felt guided by God to give me."

George Light was probably the best friend old Ben Tillett, the pioneer of British Labour and organiser of the dockers, ever had. Ben Tillett, George Light, and other British Trades Union leaders asked Frank Buchman to address the National Trade Union Club at luncheon in 1938. Three weeks before the lunch applications for tickets had filled the hall many times over and the committee had to send hundreds of cheques and money orders back through the mail. That lunch will never be forgotten by those who attended it, and it laid the foundation of friendships which last until this day.

Buchman said, "I am happy to be here. I feel at home with old revolutionaries like Ben Tillett. What I like about you is that you are hard hitters and square shooters. Ben and others here know what it is to face persecution. I am a revolutionary too and I know what persecution means. The Oxford Group is a revolutionary movement. That is the reason Labour understands it. That is why the Oxford Group understands Labour. They are both out for revolution.

"The background we need for solving all questions is a new spirit—new men with a new spirit. We believe in trade revival, in business revival. But there is an even more important factor—and this is the aim of Moral Re-Armament—moral and spiritual revival that leads into a spiritual revolution and a social and economic renaissance.

"Labour united can unite the nation. Labour led by God can lead the world."

To the end of his life Tillett had a great admiration

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for Buchman. He said to George Light in 1941, "I like Frank Buchman. He speaks simply. He gets down to the level of the ordinary man. He is a great man because he is a lover of his fellow men. You see and feel this about him as soon as you meet him."

A few days before he died Ben sent this message from his deathbed, "Labour must recapture its soul or it will perish. Tell Frank Buchman to go on fighting. Give him my love and tell him I wish him the best of luck. You have a great international movement. Use it. It's the hope of tomorrow. Your movement is the only one that will bring sanity back to the world again."

Frank Buchman's intense love of the ordinary fellow and his idea of the part he can play as remaker of the world was shown when he chose East Ham, a crowded working-class district, as the platform on which to launch the world campaign for Moral Re-Armament in 1938. Four thousand workers gathered to hear him.

Later, at a follow-up meeting, fourteen mayors and one hundred and thirty aldermen and councillors, representing the leaders of over twenty East London boroughs and three million people, were present.

Frank Buchman said, "Hostility piles up between nation and nation, labour and capital, class and class. The cost of bitterness and fear mounts daily. Friction and frustration are undermining our homes. The remedy may lie in a return to those simple home truths that some of us learned at our mother's knee, and which many of us have forgotten and neglected—honesty, purity, unselfishness and love.

"We need a power strong enough to change human nature and build bridges between man and man, faction and faction. This starts when everyone admits his own faults instead of spotlighting the

other fellow's. God alone can change human nature.

"The secret lies in that great forgotten truth that when man listens, God speaks. When man obeys, God acts. When men change, nations change. That power active in a minority can be the solvent of a whole country's problems. Leaders changed, a nation's thinking changed, a world at peace with itself."

From that time many of crowded East London's civic leaders joined Buchman in his fight for the destiny of the working man. Fred Welch, who rose from professional footballer and docker to the honoured post of Mayor of his Borough of East Ham in Victory year, says of the meeting of 5,000 people who stood outside his Town Hall on VE Day: "In East London we do not intend to go to pieces with the peace. I told the people my programme for the rest of my life is the MRA programme of Sound Homes, Teamwork in Industry and a United Nation."

"When leaders of our country," he added, "visited us on their official Victory tours I was delighted to give one of them the millionth copy of the MRA handbook, *Battle Together For Britain*. It has done so much for Britain, and while the bombs were still falling I and the Deputy Mayor and his wife sent it to every home in our Borough to help hearten the people."

A close friend of Fred Welch was old Will Thorne, one of the most colourful and effective figures in the world of Labour. He survived three wives and was happily married to the fourth when he died at the start of 1946. He taught himself to read and write at the age of fifty.

He entered Parliament and became one of its most loved and respected members.

Sometimes when the debates became hot he enlivened

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the proceedings by pulling a football whistle out of his pocket. He restored everyone's sense of humour by blowing it loudly, as referees do when the match is at an end.

Will's working life began when he was six and continued for eighty years until his death. His first job was turning a wheel for a rope and twine spinner in Birmingham. His wages were half-a-crown a week.

At fourteen he was employed at a metal rolling and ammunition works. His work was pulling metal strips from the great rollers to the annealing furnaces. He dreamed of the place all his life, and sometimes used to wake up sweating with fear, even when he was quite an old man. But the work had to be done, for Will's wages were needed to balance the family budget.

He was a pioneer of the Labour and Trade Union movement in Britain and one of the staunchest fighters for change, development and progress.

When he met Moral Re-Armament he found there a passion for a new spirit in which all men could live decently and justly together. He told a friend, "These fellows in MRA, I like them. They're men after my own heart. They're honest and they're out for what's right. I'm going to fight with them." And he did.

Picture opposite : A group of Nova Scotia miners talking with MRA men who were invited to the coalfields in the Maritime Provinces by leaders of Management and Labour on the advice of the Director of Canadian National Selective Service. A resolution passed by one Mine Workers' Trade Union branch said, "Before they had been twenty-four hours in the town their coming had already been felt in a more reasonable attitude between the Union and Company officials."

The *Halifax Chronicle* commented in an editorial, "Theirs is a contribution to the nation's fighting strength which cannot be over-estimated."



“ . . . the new spirit spread . . . ”

Picture opposite : President Truman (then Democratic Senator from Missouri) and Congressman James W. Wadsworth (Republican Representative for New York) at a showing of the Moral Re-Armament play *The Forgotten Factor* in Philadelphia. On this occasion Senator Truman said, "The time is ripe for an appeal not to self-interest, but to the hunger for great living that lies deep in every man. What Americans really want is not a promise of getting something for nothing, but a chance to give everything for something great. . . . I have known this group since June 4th, 1939, when I read a message from President Roosevelt to the National Mass Meeting for Moral Re-Armament in Constitution Hall, Washington. I was struck at that time by the clarity with which they saw the dangers threatening America and the zeal and intelligence with which they set about rousing the country . . . There is not a single industrial bottleneck I can think of which could not be broken in a matter of weeks if this crowd were given the green light to go full steam ahead. We need this spirit in industry. We need it in the nation. With it there is no limit to what we can do for America, and America for the world "



" . . . the green light to go full steam ahead,"

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John Curtin, the Labour Premier of Australia, who broadcast an appeal to his entire nation for Moral Re-Armament when the Japanese threatened invasion, said before he died, "MRA is of paramount importance in building a world that works."

So the moral battleline Frank Buchman and his men have drawn through industry spreads across the world. One incident stands out clearly as typical of the way the new spirit works.

On the long Labour Day weekend of 1943 two special railroad cars came from Philadelphia to a Moral Re-Armament Assembly at Mackinac, bringing a group of industrial leaders who had never travelled in each other's company before. There were representatives of Management of the famous Cramp Shipyards and with them the President of the Union, Bill Schaffer.

Bill came to Mackinac as an observer. Always with a chip on his shoulder about Management, he had real misgivings about a trip with any industrialist. He came intending to keep his eyes open and his mouth shut, and above all not to go beyond the carefully prepared, very guarded speech that he had in his pocket.

It was a memorable weekend. Bill heard things from Management that he had never expected to hear in his life. His heart was warmed. He saw a new hope for his union, for industry, above all for himself and his wife and his two kids. He had forgotten all about his carefully prepared speech. He spoke with fire, from his heart.

At the end he drew from his coat lapel a little button. "This," he said, "is no ordinary union button. It is a special button. You have to work to get one of these. There are only a very few of them, and my chief, Johnny Green, has only given them to the fellows who have fought for Labour from the early days. And now

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I want to give it to the fellow who I believe has done more for Labour across the world than any man I know." He asked Frank Buchman to stand up.

There was a great hush in the assembly as Bill walked across and pinned this special union button on Buchman's coat. Frank Buchman had not spoken publicly over the whole weekend, but Bill recognised instinctively a great friend of Labour and a great force in Labour's fight to remake the world.

When the train started back to Philadelphia, a president of the Chamber of Commerce who was one of the party found himself without a berth. He had been seasick crossing the Straits of Mackinac and he resigned himself to a trainsick and dismal night sitting up in a coach. After they had been travelling for some time, the Pullman porter told him that a berth had unexpectedly fallen vacant. He accepted it with much relief, and spent a good night.

It was only next morning he discovered that the berth had belonged to Bill. "My attitude to organised Labour changed that day," he said, "and Bill has been one of my close friends ever since."

Later Bill's boss, the Vice-President of a big industrial corporation, issued this statement to the public: "Management must face the fact that their attitude of suspicion and distrust towards Labour has frequently driven Labour into the hands of extremists who would exploit Labour to advance political philosophies alien to our American way of life.

"We must draw the true battleline of American industry. That line is not between Labour and Management, but between the constructive forces of both Labour and Management together on one side, against the unpatriotic forces of selfishness on the other. United in such

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a fight, Labour and Management can launch a mighty counter-attack against the organised forces of division and subversion.”

Dr. John R. Steelman, specially appointed to the White House as industrial adviser to the President, describes Moral Re-Armament as the most effective force for industrial teamwork at present working in industry.

And President (then Senator) Truman declared, “There is not a single industrial bottleneck which could not be broken in a matter of weeks if this crowd were given the green light to go full steam ahead.”

CHAPTER V

REMAKING THE WORLD

FRANK BUCHMAN and his men gave ideas legs and so turned them into an ideology. The legs began to march and have carried the ideology throughout the nations.

In the war of ideas the incitement of racial feeling within and between nations is a major weapon. Totalitarian creeds use it to try to stir up division in the democracies.

In South Africa the main problem is racial. The Afrikaans and English-speaking South Africans, with the legacy of war and bitterness, do not always agree about the future, the present and especially the past.

One of the most violent and influential propagandists for severing the connection of South Africa with the British Empire was Arthur Norval, Professor of Applied Economics at Pretoria University and later Chairman of the South African Board of Trade and Industry.

He was lean, vigorous and venomous, a dynamo and demon of vengeance. His hatred of the British was so great that he refused to talk English but spoke always in Afrikaans.

His influence was bitter and divisive. Racial feeling flared up in the University. An English professor was tarred, feathered and run out of the place.

Norval's meeting with a man trained by Frank Buchman changed his whole attitude to life. He still longed to serve his beloved Afrikaans people. But the hatred for the English-speaking races, which for so many

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years had distorted his judgment and softened his effectiveness, left his heart for ever.

At a great meeting in Pretoria City Hall, Norval arose to his feet before a mass of Boers, British, journalists, students and statesmen. With his first words a spell fell upon the City Hall. For he was speaking in English.

In all the years he had spent battling for the nationalist cause, Norval could not remember a single English-speaking person he had won over to understand the Boer viewpoint. At the close of the City Hall meeting several English-speaking people came to him and said, "In the light of what you have done this evening and of what you have told us, we are resolved now to begin learning the Afrikaans language."

What the Oxford Group began became a national force.

And J. H. Hofmeyr, President of the South African Senate and now Deputy Premier, cabled to some members of the British House of Commons in 1941, when Axis propaganda was doing its best to divide Boer and Briton, "Buchman's visit to South Africa in 1929 was of national significance and started a major and continuing influence for racial reconciliation throughout the whole country, white and black, Dutch and British . . . the future of democratic institutions in South Africa may well depend largely on the fruits of their labours."

Canada—another Dominion, and the first Dominion. Pioneers who fought to build Canada gave it the name Dominion from the Psalm, "He shall have dominion from sea to sea." And that problem of government has ever been the problem of Canada.

The "isms" consistently strive to increase the difficulties of government in a nation. They try to mobilise

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bitterness to the point of breakdown so that they can take over.

In Canada there are intense religious and racial differences between the people. There is vast wealth living alongside wretched poverty. There is a temptation for dishonesty and graft. There are sections of the country which are overcrowded and immense areas almost unexplored and certainly unexploited, fat with lumber, oil and minerals, stirring with game. A rainbow of soft colours in the fall—the reds, greens, ochres and yellows of maple, spruce and fir—a white iron land of ice as winter crunches her in its grip.

In 1932 Frank Buchman landed in Montreal with a team from many European nations. As in all these countries the core of this force was his younger Oxford-trained leadership. According to the Prime Minister of that day, “their influence was felt in every village and city, even in the remotest outposts of the Dominion.”

The Prime Minister of Canada gave five hours in the course of a busy day to discuss state affairs with Frank Buchman. And it is characteristic that at this discussion Buchman, instead of going by himself to meet the Prime Minister, took thirty-five of his team with him.

The Prime Minister said, “You have built up through Canada a compact, consolidated, co-operative, united body of people.” A year later he reported, “Already the result of your efforts has made easier the task of government.”

In October 1945, at Ottawa, a member of the Canadian Government, in the presence of two of his political opponents, said, “Early this year we were running into great difficulties. I called a meeting representing producer, retailer and consumer interests in Toronto. Within three days we had reached deadlock. Later

through my official sources I heard that the Moral Re-Armament people had achieved what I had failed to achieve. With a new climate of negotiation and with no axe to grind they succeeded in producing agreement between these interests."

Scandinavia—Frank Buchman said, "I have always thought that the Nordic North could be a bulwark against godless Marxism."

He took an international team of fifteen hundred to Denmark with him. When he first went there thirty per cent. of all the national labour was unemployed. Unemployment there was being exploited as a political weapon by both the extreme materialistic Right and the extreme materialistic Left.

The Right used it as a weapon to keep working men afraid.

The Left used it as a weapon to make the working man bitter, and then tried to mobilise his bitterness to give power to the class-war group. Labour blamed Management. Management blamed Labour. Both blamed Government, and the people blamed all three. The farmers said Government pampered the workers to get their votes. The workers said the farmers were paid too much for their products. Economists talked about trends in world economy. The Church said it was sad. Works projects did not seem to help, and charity did not run the machines and plants.

Buchman's philosophy cut clean through to cure. A Danish Cabinet Minister said of him, "He digs deep, aims high and embraces all." Frank Buchman and his friends said to the Danes, "Denmark must be shaken. It's all too pleasant and cosy. It's not revolution. In any country, unemployment is the sin of all the people.

Everyone is responsible and everyone instead of blaming the other fellow must shoulder his part in the cure. It is not the fault of a system but of people. If everyone cares enough and shares enough, then everyone will have enough."

Valdemar Hvidt, lawyer to the Supreme Court of Denmark, heard Buchman and his men. He was impacted and inspired. He went to see the Prime Minister and said, "The answer to no work is work. It is everybody's business to find work for others. Employment is not just a technical and economic problem, but above all a moral problem. It depends on our will and courage, our imagination and unselfishness. Let's get to work."

He suggested to the Danish Prime Minister a list of names who might get together and find a solution. These men, working together, could swing the nation.

The Prime Minister looked at the list and knew them all.

They included Labour and Management, all political parties, the farmers' organisations and others. He said to Valdemar Hvidt, "If you can get these men to tackle anything together you have done more than I have ever been able to do."

Hvidt succeeded. A National Association for Combating Unemployment—Landsforeningen til Arbejdsloshedens Bekæmpelse—was formed, soon to be known all over Denmark as the LAB.

They chopped the big unemployment monster into little bits. Local committees were formed, and the employment of everyone in each home town was made a home town project and responsibility.

All through the war the Nazi occupiers tried to create conditions so that the Danes would go to Germany to make munitions. But Hvidt and his friends kept Denmark at work in scores of new projects such as the

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up-rooting of tree stumps to warm the homes of the Danes (the Teamsters' Union took this up as their special war-baby).

In 1943 LAB personally interviewed every land-owner in the country. A hundred thousand farmers in one thousand three hundred communities were asked what jobs were waiting to be done and how many extra men they would employ when the war was over. As a result Denmark today has a cure for unemployment.

The Government through LAB can provide, financially and practically, jobs for every able-bodied man who is willing to take the work available. At the close of 1945 the Danish Prime Minister said that in all the disunity which had come with the end of the war, the most unifying force in the nation was LAB.

Sweden—Frank Buchman said in Scandinavia in 1936, “If you want to change Europe, you must have a Renaissance.”

No fewer than ten thousand of the teachers of Sweden issued a call to their nation for Moral Re-Armament. They said that its spirit and its moral standards are the foundation-stone for education.

As a result, all over Sweden today teachers train their children daily to be fighters for the character qualities that are the heart and heritage of sound democracy.

When materialist ideologies are battling for Europe's youth, these MRA teachers aim to produce a rising generation of citizens who, in their own words, are “free, fearless, open and responsible, who work together, live for their community, love their country, and obey God.”

At Visby, the city of ruins and roses on the island of Gotland, where the Moral Re-Armament Scandinavian Assembly was held in 1938, Frank Buchman stood before

the great pillars of the old Cathedral ruins, the only place large enough to hold the crowds, and gave a challenge to Sweden and the world.

His interpreter was Sven Stolpe, the critic and novelist. He, with other internationally known Scandinavian writers like Ronald Fangen, Fredrik Ramm, Harry Blomberg and Bertil Malmberg, had caught from Moral Re-Armament the spirit of cultural renaissance. In the words of Fangen in the year of Ibsen's centenary, "We have written about all the problems. It is time we tried to write about an answer."

Buchman said at Visby, "I am tremendously interested in how to save a crumbling civilisation and how to reach the millions out there. Some of you would like a nice comfortable arm-chair revival. A person who has that conception is not adequately thinking and planning to save a million. We need a revolution. That is uncomfortable. A lot of Christians don't like the word. But some of the cleverest people in the world are thinking along the lines of destructive revolution and they are already at work. If you are not going out on the battle-front of Christian revolution that will build a philosophy to save Europe, I wish you well. I am not going to quarrel with you or criticise you. You do exactly what you like in the way you like. That's your idea of democracy. I don't say it's true democracy, but it's the popular practice of democracy.

"There is renaissance. The rebirth of people and the rebirth of nations. I am going to promise you one thing. I am not turning back, no matter who does, no matter what it costs. I do not want you to come along just because I am here—that isn't it. That would be a poor revolution. That would be a poor fellowship. If you join in this great crusade you will get the way of the

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Cross. I am not going to lure you by hopes of material success. I am not going to lure you by saying you are going to be heroes. I am not going to lure you, though I believe these lands can give a pattern on how to live. It is a personal experience of the Cross. It is not I, but Christ. It is not I at the head, but Christ who leads. Then you are going to have true democracy because you are free. That's my challenge to you."

At a time when it was fashionable in some quarters to appease and soft-soap Mussolini, Marx and Hitler, Buchman was trying to keynote democracy in the war of ideas against every alien ideology. He called on godless dictators as well as the ordinary man to change and bring their nations the true liberty of God-control. In return he and his men drew the fire of the fascist- and foolish-minded. As Chesterton said of the Crusaders, "They were exposed, they were exploded, they were ridiculed (he might have added, 'they were misquoted and misrepresented'), and they were right."

Holland—home of the Hague Court, a matchless organisation, yet whose decisions about territorial adjustments were abused, disregarded and disliked by more people in more places than any other Court in history. This sort of ill-feeling is exploited by the "isms"—they take grievances and use them rather than cure them.

In Holland an answer was found to the aftermath of bitterness which usually follows transfer of territories from one power to another, and which often leads on to yet another war.

A lawyer met Frank Buchman and his force of Oxford-trained men. His outlook on life altered. He introduced his friends to his brother-in-law, Dr. J. A. N. Patjin, who was at that time Dutch Minister to Belgium.

Patijn is a talented musician. As a young man he could not decide whether to become a musician or a diplomat. He has a lean face and a white moustache. He is tall and sombre—but jampacked inside with fun.

A serious dispute arose between Belgium and Holland. It was settled by the Hague Court in favour of Belgium. Patijn had to make a public speech about it. He was expected to attack the attitude of the Belgian press as his opinions were known to be strong. But Patijn, who always had boasted he was a man without a faith of any kind, had told his friends, "My meeting with Frank Buchman and Moral Re-Armament has taught me to see my fellowmen, the whole world and myself in a new perspective." He started his public speech by saying, "I congratulate Belgium on the decision which the Hague Court has given, and I want to tell you that from this time forward we regard the matter as settled and will put our efforts and our energy into carrying it out."

As a result of this speech the Belgian press completely changed its attitude and began to praise the Dutch instead of sneering at them.

Patijn became Foreign Minister of Holland. He found a major task was the settlement of another problem with Belgium concerning trade and harbour agreements between Rotterdam and Antwerp. This question had been a source of trouble between the two countries for over a generation. Two Foreign Secretaries had already resigned on account of it. The files concerning it in the Dutch Foreign Office were 16 yards high.

A Dutchman in Rotterdam had just met Moral Re-Armament. Patijn met him. He said of the interview, "It is the first time I have met a man from Rotterdam who told me the real truth about this dispute with Antwerp." The man from Rotterdam said, "This is the

first time we have had a Foreign Minister to whom we could tell the truth."

They agreed on a method of procedure. Within a year a satisfactory treaty covering all points was signed between Holland and Belgium. The Queen of the Netherlands broadcast to her people a call to Moral Re-Armament.

And the Dutch Government saw to it that every Dutchman returning to Holland from forced labour or concentration camps inside Germany after victory over Hitler was handed a copy of a handbook giving the philosophy of Moral Re-Armament as he crossed the frontier into his homeland. Their experience showed that this inspired ideology was the best answer which could be made to any totalitarian ideas which some of these men might bring back with them.

India—400 million people being assailed by “isms”—the shortcomings of the government of this sub-continent continually emphasised and used by totalitarian groups to divide the British Empire within itself and from the other great democracies.

At an All India Assembly held in Lahore, Sir Sikander Hyat Khan, a representative Moslem, then Premier of the Punjab, commented publicly on the growth of Moral Re-Armament through the country. He said that this spirit of change is the only beacon light in a darkening world and that Moral Re-Armament holds the solution to the problems of India.

To the Assembly people of many faiths and races had come from all over India. Some travelled five days to get there. From the platform a Hindu, a Moslem and a British Commissioner, all from one province, told how the Hindu and the Moslem, each the leader of his party,

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after a quarrel of many years had met in the British Commissioner's home and made up their differences together.

"Given this spirit," Sir Sikander Hyat Khan said, "our fundamental differences could be settled in half an hour!"

After reading one of Frank Buchman's speeches a member of the Working Committee of Congress put it down and declared: "This is a philosophy we can back a hundred per cent!"

When the Japanese were in Burma and the war was approaching Calcutta, nationalist feeling ran high. Deep disagreements existed about future policy. At this critical time a group of men, led by a high Indian official who had caught the spirit of MRA, came together. They issued to their city three hundred thousand copies of a call entitled "Morale : How To Play Your Part." It went out in Urdu, Hindi, Bengali, English, and was placarded in every public place throughout the city. Those who sent out the call included leading Indians and British of all parties—the Chief Minister and Finance Minister of Bengal, the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, the Head of the Civic Guards, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, the Chairman of the India Jute Mills, the leader of the Moslem League, and the Metropolitan (or Primate) of India.

The Metropolitan, Dr. Foss Westcott, who has three times travelled from India to Europe to visit the World Assemblies for MRA in Oxford, had demonstrated a new spirit on his return by apologising not only to his own committees but through the press to the Indian nation for the British attitude of coldness and superiority.

Writing of Frank Buchman's speeches in a leading editorial, one of India's newspapers (the *Lahore Daily Herald* of June 12th, 1942) says: "They deserve study by

all enthusiasts of a new world order. They provide a common bond that will unite race and race and religion and religion, because they unite those who seek to find God's will and obey it in everything. The philosophy of Moral Re-Armament should make a special appeal to the people of India, the land of Rishis and Gurus."

At the beginning of 1946 the only Indian member of the British House of Lords, a British Field Marshal and a member of the Viceroy's Council, joined together in sending a personal letter to the six hundred leading figures in India, men of all castes and creeds, presenting the ideology of Moral Re-Armament as the one overarching philosophy which can successfully unite the bitterly conflicting interests of that huge area of the world.

Burma — from Burma during the war against Hitler and Tojo, George West, the Bishop of Rangoon, went to London at the request of the Governor when the new Burmese constitution was under consideration. He saw Cabinet Ministers, Labour leaders, industrialists, newspaper publishers, and gave them a picture of the true battleline inside Burma which no other man could give.

He told them how at Simla in 1944 an event had occurred which may prove to be the start of a new East. It was hailed by one of the greatest living authorities on the Eastern question as "an event unparalleled in Eastern history, indeed in any history." The Anglo-Burmans, people of mixed British and Burmese blood, had always held and jealously fought to extend certain privileges in Burma. They believed these privileges were the only safeguard against the Burmese majority who resented the superiority they felt the Anglo-Burmans assumed towards them.

Now, thinking of the new constitution to be prepared, the Anglo-Burman representatives gathered in conference at Simla recommended their community to give up all their safeguards and privileges. They wished in future "to consider themselves a people of Burma and to rely for their security upon the confidence and friendship of the Burmese people."

This charter of an entire community on the "give" not the "get" had a radical effect on all the negotiations for the new Burmese constitution.

U Tin Tut, the Burman and the statesman who had much to do with the negotiations and who was made by the King a Commander of the British Empire in recognition of his services, was deeply interested in the work of Moral Re-Armament as he saw it affecting some of the minority problems of Burma. He felt that it had been responsible for a new attitude and atmosphere on the part of some British officials and Burmans which had made fruitful negotiations possible.

And well-informed observers stated their belief that the new spirit was perhaps the one ideology which

Picture opposite: Some of those who attended the World Assembly for Moral Re-Armament at Mackinac Island, Michigan. Among those seated with Frank Buchman are Dr. Chang Kia-ngau, builder of the Burma Road and for seven years a member of the Chinese Cabinet, and the late Bishop Logan Roots, formerly Bishop of Hankow and Primate of China. The group includes political, industrial and labour leaders from every part of the United States and Canada, as well as from many European countries, Africa, India, and Australasia.

Mr. Arthur Baker, Chief of the Parliamentary Staff of *The Times*, said of the Assembly, "I saw at Mackinac representatives of twenty nations and forty-five states not only speaking about the ideology of democracy but actually living it. I realised I had come to the headquarters of the hope of the world."



headquarters of the hope of the world."

Picture opposite : The Hon. C. J. Hambro, President of the Norwegian Parliament and President of the League of Nations, speaks at the headquarters of Moral Re-Armament in London. On the left is the Rt. Hon. Walter Nash, Deputy Premier of New Zealand, on his way to Philadelphia to act as chairman of the International Labour Organisation. Speaking in Washington a few weeks later, Walter Nash said, "If we are determined to walk along the road the men and women of MRA show us, the sacrifices of the war will be worth while and we will build something better than we ever built before. There is no other way to a better world."



" . . . the unity of humanity—only answer
to the split atom . . . "

could save the world from an Orient in the grip of an “ism”.

So the stories could be multiplied. China, Palestine, South America, France—globally the organism of Moral Re-Armament is working like yeast in the bodies of the nations to lift the living and thinking of the world.

These stories are only a few jewels plucked from the world necklace and network of new life which mark the journeying of Buchman and his men.

One word should here be said about these teams of men and women who have travelled with Buchman all the world over. For they in themselves are an ideology, the inspired ideology of democracy.

In an age when the prejudices of class, race and viewpoint are exploited by totalitarian forces out for control, Buchman travels with hundreds of people of many different classes, races and viewpoints, and they demonstrate wherever they go the secret of how to live and to fight effectively together for a common programme.

Once Buchman was asked by a top newspaper proprietor of Britain, “Is this Moral Re-Armament a class movement?” Instantly he replied, “Yes—and there are just two classes it believes in—the changed and the unchanged.”

Two of Buchman’s oldest and dearest friends, who have travelled with him in many lands, are an example of how an over-arching philosophy can unite in friendship and effective action those whose background and temperament are widely different.

One is Tod Sloan from Tidal Basin, which is one of the poorest areas of London’s dockland. Tod describes himself as “a watchmaker by trade and an agitator by nature.”

The other is Louisa, Countess of Antrim, born at St.

James's Palace, and Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria and Queen Alexandra.

Tod was a troublemaker all his life, and actively agitating for an extreme form of leftist government. He has the clear blue eyes of a fighter and the curling grey hair and jutting chin of a revolutionary. He has been in prison more than once for his political activities.

As he walked one day in the East End of London he came to the place where a Moral Re-Armament meeting was in progress. He was down on his luck, and wanted somewhere to sit. "So in I went to get a basin-full," he says. What he heard there gave a new spirit to his heart and life.

He joined in the fight with Buchman. At the end of 1938 from 2, Crown Street, Tidal Basin, E.16, he sent him this letter:

DEAR FRANK,—In Tidal Basin the People are really hungry today for a new Leadership. They want this new thinking, and since the moral rearmament came to West Ham it has reached out in all directions and today there are many homes where whole families are living this quality of life in West Ham East Ham Barking Ilford Dagenham Becontree. Just a thought or two on "Moral Rearmament" and its implications are being taken up throughout the nation's life now, and we must see to it that its meaning is kept intact that it is a real laughing living loving Obedient Willingness to restore God to Leadership and not merely two words to be used as a slogan.

These words are God's Property Coined for His Service and this is what goes into them there will be no more unmoral bargaining no more Social Injustice no more conflict. Chaos cannot obtain if we work, live and practise moral Rearmament.

It will bring into being a new thinking thereby bringing into life a new social order a new hope with God as our Leader, Guide and Strength.

Frank this to me is the only revolution that matters the change of human nature and it does happen.— From Yours ever, Tod.

As for Lady Antrim, she has the quality of grace and delicacy of spirit which is the best of the old aristocracy. There is nothing of the second-rate about her, and she is quick to appreciate the first-rate wherever she sees it.

She often stays at Frank Buchman's London home, and is a mother and friend to the women from all over the world who look to Moral Re-Armament for an answer. She writes of her meeting with Frank Buchman, "I was once asked if I liked him. It seemed an unnecessary question, for in him I saw above all the realisation of a force which advances the love of God and this showed me how human personality is lost sight of in spiritual power."

She travelled with Buchman all over the Mediterranean, Greece, Cairo, Alexandria, Constantinople, and the Near East. Tod has travelled with him too in America, Scandinavia and other parts of the world.

Often in Frank Buchman's London home at Clive House, Berkeley Square, you can see Lady Antrim acting as hostess and Tod feels at home there too, he who in the old days said of anybody in another class of society, "I 'ates 'em—I 'ates 'em all like 'ell. 'Ang the lot of 'em."

Lady Antrim and Tod Sloan happened to be in Clive House about the time the news came of the tremendous Labour victory in the British election. Tod, who had worked for Labour all his life, said: "I'm glad Labour won, of course. But now let's stop crowing and get on

with the job. Conservative or Labour, we are all sinners—we are all God's children, and His leadership we have got to restore throughout the world. The only people fit to lead are those who have learned to govern their own lives—and there aren't many of those around. We have got to see that this world family of Frank's spreads a new spirit all over everywhere. Let those in power as *they* say—and the only man or woman in power is the one who is at peace with God—get going to build the world we want, the only worthy world, God's kingdom on earth. Forget the past and let's get on with it. We have faith in God, we have faith in ourselves and we must have that faith in the other man which will restore him."

Lady Antrim, whose political background and tradition are not such as would naturally lead her to rejoice at a Labour victory at the polls, said of the election that she knew now that it was not so much the character of men's politics as the character of their hearts which mattered in governing a country. And she gave herself ceaselessly to the M.P.s and statesmen who flooded through Clive House after the election, pooling with all, irrespective of their party, the matchless experiences of a lifetime. For she believes that it is the duty of all citizens to help the government of their nation to do better rather than hope it will do worse.

So Moral Re-Armament recruits Frank Buchman's force of world-remakers from every race, rank and age, uniting all men and women of good will in a common cause which overarches class, party or viewpoint.

CHAPTER VI

COAL CRISIS—COAL CURE

WHAT happens when greed tears an industry to pieces? Slowdown, lock-out, strike, pickets, tear gas—until the strong man or strong minority group takes over. The men of good will are disorganised and have no plan. They think disorganised gripe is an answer to organised grab. And they find themselves mistaken.

But what happens when an inspired democratic ideology for industry hits a situation which looks ripe for an “ism” of one kind or another?

In November 1942, a national coal crisis confronted Canada. The coal and steel industries of Nova Scotia were dead from the waist downwards. The output of this Eastern Canadian Province is 25 per cent of the steel and 40 per cent of the coal of the entire Dominion. But in the third year of war slowdowns in the mines cut production as much as 50 per cent. Absenteeism sometimes ran as high as 40 per cent. It was recognised that a five per cent increase in production would be worth 50,000 men to Canada’s war effort.

For generations industrial relations in this area had been strained. When Mr. Elliott Little, Director of Canadian National Selective Service, was consulted by the heads of the Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation, he urged them to obtain the service of Moral Re-Armament trained workers. Sixty were invited by the leaders of the mine workers’ and steel workers’ unions, as well as the heads of the Corporation. They came. And they worked as all Moral Re-Armament workers do, on a

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voluntary basis, without material reward of any kind.

In the space of the next two months over 33,000 workers and employers had seen the plays which were part of the programme these MRA men put on to bring the news of a fresh spirit to the people. They visited in the homes of labour and management. They went down into the mines—1,200 feet deep and extending in some cases for over five miles out under the Atlantic Ocean—and talked to the men at the coal face. They made an average of forty personal calls a day on key executives and workers.

They visited the dockyards and graving docks. One man's story is typical of the way the new spirit spread.

Bob Turnbull was president of one of the local miners' unions, leader in the slowdown which had lasted six months, bitter opponent of Management. His wife, Christine, was warm hearted, always thinking of what she could do for other people, devoted to her family and to Bob. She had struggled to bring up a family of twelve, to keep them clean, respectable. She was typical of the many thousands of miners' wives in this area.

They had a small home with the union hall built on the side. Everything that was union was discussed in the Turnbull home.

Four of Frank Buchman's friends went to visit Bob in his home. Ma Turnbull had been busy making lemon pie and all sorts of good things. The twelve kids were all washed and clean. The guests were taken out to inspect the cow and the pig and the dog and the cats and the union hall.

The result of that night was that the following Sunday in the miners' hall a representative group of Labour, Management and Civic Life got together to give a reception for the Moral Re-Armament workers. Special buses

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came from Glace Bay. Managers and superintendents came in their cars. The hall was jammed.

Many representatives of Labour and Management stood up and told of the effect this new philosophy of Moral Re-Armament had brought to the district.

The hall was tense as Bob stood up. His anti-Management attitude was well known. The audience expected fireworks. They got them—with a difference.

Bob was an ordinary sort of guy as he stood there, greying hair well brushed back, tense, chiselled, lean, hardened by the work in the mines, not sure how the audience would take what he planned to say. He spoke slowly and said, "As far as I am concerned, I can offer no better appreciation of what I have heard tonight than to promise to pull together wherever I am, first for the war and then for the peace."

He spoke to the general manager on the spot suggesting an informal committee of union members to lay before management specific proposals for increasing production. The hall gasped. This was a new Bob. People talked about it for hours afterwards.

Frank Buchman has always said that Labour led by God could lead the world. Bob Turnbull wanted to know how. He began to apply guidance, direction from God. He began to write down the thoughts which were sent into his mind on the problems of how to cure the whole industrial situation in Nova Scotia. He put it to his own union men in these words, "Every successful man, politician, lawyer, doctor, business man, plans his moves and writes out his plan. The working fellow is the only one who doesn't do it. Why don't we start and face ourselves and our problems squarely and write down the ideas we get? Then we'll keep the good ones and throw out the bad ones." He said, "The more you practise

this thing, the bigger the flashes get and the more plainer."

He soon had his chance to put God's guidance to the test. In this district the strike weapon is used differently from elsewhere. It isn't a last shot. It is only the opening gun in any campaign. The miners feel they don't get any attention from management unless they take direct action, so they are apt to walk out on the slightest provocation.

One morning the men of Number 18 mine just walked out.

The mine committee went in to see the manager. He refused to deal with them until the men were down in the mine. The men refused to go down the mine until they had a satisfactory answer to their demands. This was the situation that Bob, the president of the local union, faced that morning. The set-up was complicated by the fact that he had a long-standing feud with the mine manager.

His first move was to persuade the mine committee to go back to see the manager with him. This time they were friendly and firm instead of fierce and foul-mouthed. They pointed out that the answer the manager had given was equivalent to telling the men to quit and go home, in the mood they were in. The manager, surprised at the attitude of calmness and candour Bob had shown, promised a satisfactory solution to the problem within ten minutes of the men going back to work. Unfortunately, by the time Bob got outside the manager's office, the men were already off home.

Bob called a special meeting for the whole union that evening in the Miners' Hall.

He had no team to work with him, so that day he personally covered all the members of the mine committee. He produced a plan for the meeting that night

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which called for the co-operation of the mine committee and all the sound fellows in the union. They agreed to it. One of the men who had led the walk-out proposed that they go back to work in the morning. The resolution was carried unanimously.

With the difficult men now eager to pull together with him, Bob Turnbull turned his attention to the difficult mine manager. He invited the man whom the miners had elected as the head of the mine committee home to tea with him and told him to bring his wife. Then the four of them, joined by the oldest members of Bob's family, all sat around the big circular dining room table while he told them how he was finding God had a plan to end the deadlock. They got out pencil and paper and wrote down the thoughts which came to them.

The head of the mine committee wrote down that he had to meet the manager with a smile. That was revolution! His wife wrote, "Let him blow off first, before you say anything to him." Every member of the group had some relevant thought. Two mornings later the headline in the paper was "Satisfactory Settlement Reached in No. 18 Dispute." The manager called Bob into the office to thank him for the way he had handled the affair, and reported the whole matter to his district officials of the company.

Bob Turnbull's story could be multiplied many times. As miracles happened, the warmth of a new life began to spread throughout the mining communities, travelling from home to home and district to district.

Within three months, results became noticeable in production charts. The manager of No. 11 Colliery in Glace Bay estimates that the loss of output due to absenteeism dropped to four hundred and fifty tons in the three-month period, as against two thousand three

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hundred and ninety tons in the previous three months.

The Princess Mine in Sydney Mines, which was troubled by an average of two stoppages a month, had no work stoppage in the months following the visit of Frank Buchman's force.

In the Allan Shaft in Stellarton the pipe in the main haulage equipment froze just before the morning shift went on. Ordinarily the miners would have downed tools, grabbed their lunch cans and gone home for the day. This time the mine manager reported that they waited around two hours until the pipe had been fixed and got out three hundred and ninety-five tons of coal before quitting time that night.

And Humphrey Mitchell, Canadian Minister of Labour, wired from Ottawa, "We need a new spirit of teamwork between Labour and Management if industry is to weather the difficult days that lie ahead. My department has received considerable evidence of the valuable contribution that the forces of Moral Re-Armament are making to produce this essential factor."

CHAPTER VII

THE FIGHT TO SERVE

THE WAR of arms is fought between nations. It has an end and a beginning.

The war of ideas runs through all nations. And it never stops.

So, while the war of arms against Hitler was being waged, minority groups out for class instead of race dictatorship stirred up trouble inside the very nations who were fighting him.

In France, for example, there were slowdowns and strikes organised to further the political purposes of certain individuals and interests even though the enemy was at the gate and presently streamed through it.

In every democratic country we had loud-mouthed subversive elements who denounced the war against Hitler as capitalistic imperialism until the Nazis invaded Russia, when overnight it became a holy crusade.

And there was a planned, co-ordinated and deadly effort to end Moral Re-Armament forever by enemies of democracy.

They foresaw the coming struggle for power in nation after nation when the war of arms ended.

They feared Moral Re-Armament as the one force effectively standing between themselves and their goal, armouring and arming democracy against any "ism".

Their campaign dismally failed. But it was diabolically clever. It began in Britain.

There at the outbreak of war hundreds of MRA trained workers joined the armed forces. Only a skeleton

staff of twenty-nine was left at the headquarters to carry on a national work. For years they had given their life without salary to this task. Because of their special qualifications they were reserved from call-up by the regulations of the Ministry of Labour and National Service.

The enemies of the work began skilfully and subtly to mobilise the prejudiced passions of a nation in the stress of war. Top civil servants and Ministers of the Crown were approached and told among other things that there was some connection between the Oxford Group and the Oxford Oath. The Oxford Oath was the notorious resolution passed by student radicals of the Oxford Union in 1933 "not to fight for King and Country."

There was not a shred of truth in this. The Oxford Group had no connection with this nor with the leftist anti-war propaganda that exploited the "Oath" and is said to have encouraged Hitler and Mussolini in their belief that Britain would not fight. In fact one of the speakers who urged later the successful reversal of the motion by the Oxford Union became a Moral Re-Armament full-time worker.

The tale was also spread that the Moral Re-Armament men were conscientious objectors. This too was a lie. Many conscientious objectors changed their attitude and enlisted in the armed forces after coming in touch with Moral Re-Armament. But in wartime it was the story most calculated to rouse hostility.

The subversive elements, aided by some notoriously prejudiced publicists, worked hard among various newspapermen.

A man who was present at a secret conference in a public bar in the Midlands reported at the time that high Government officials were resolved to cripple the work of Moral Re-Armament in Britain. Thus it came

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about that before any official communication was made by the Government department concerned to the headquarters of Moral Re-Armament, news appeared in the popular press to the effect that all the MRA staff were to be called up. At that time no other men in Britain employed in this category of work were being called into the armed forces.

Mr. Bevin was in charge of manpower. It is fair and true to say that his sources of information about the set-up and the character of the attack on the work seem to have been both inadequate and inaccurate. So he decided to call up the men.

When this became known, from every corner of the land a cry arose.

The elected civic heads of more than a third of the adult population of Britain signed a public protest.

One hundred and seventy-four Members of Parliament did the same.

The leaders of the Churches in Britain sent vigorous and violent protests.

Members of the Government privately told their friends they knew the decision was wrong. But by this time Mr. Bevin had unfortunately put himself in the place where he felt any change of mind on his part would be interpreted as political weakness at a moment when Britain needed a strong man in charge of manpower. The newspapers reported that he had told the Cabinet he would resign rather than retreat.

At that stage of the war the Cabinet presumably dared not face the resignation of a man whose ability was so widely admired as that of Mr. Bevin.

So it was decided that the affair must go through. The Government told Parliament that if a vote was taken on the matter, it would have to be interpreted as

a vote of confidence in the Government as a whole and not only in the particular issue involved.

And though almost two hundred members of the British House of Commons felt so incensed at what they regarded as gross injustice and saw so clearly the far-reaching issues involved that many of them were ready to call for a vote, it was decided by the supporters of Moral Re-Armament, on the basis of patriotism, not to force the issue to a vote which from its nature must call into question confidence in the Government at the full height of the war.

The spokesmen for MRA informed the Government of their decision on this point before the debate took place, and later were called cowards by their enemies for doing so.

The scene in the House of Commons that day was unforgettable. Men who had spent years of their lives recording the inside story of Westminster declared that never in their whole experience had they sensed so clearly the spirit of evil reign in that place. The true battleline for the future of Britain was drawn there.

On the one side a vociferous group, many of whom did not have adequate information to see the issues clearly, and among them a handful of extreme men, some of them the selfish reactionaries of the Right, others the selfish reactionaries of the Left, united in their almost pathological abuse of the moral force which was effectively arming the future of democracy against their onslaught.

On the other side a far larger group, containing some of the best elements of every party, grave and silent, watching the British Parliament make a tragic blunder and also seeing fully for the first time the danger of losing the quality of Christian character on which the structure of British society was founded.

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In the middle a mass of M.P.s, bewildered, bemused, not quite sure what was right or wrong, but becoming increasingly uneasy as they sensed the atmosphere in which the decision was being taken.

Next day the issue was debated in the Upper House. On that occasion the true judgment of informed British opinion was reflected. When no question of the overthrow of the Government was involved, speaker after speaker called upon the Minister to be big enough and wise enough to change his mind.

At both these debates agents and emissaries in touch with America were present who, as soon as the decision had been reached, began a similar campaign against MRA on the other side of the Atlantic.

The smear tactics there were the same. As in Britain, scores of MRA trained men were in the armed forces. With replacements not available, great reliance was necessarily put by those responsible for Moral Re-Armament upon thirty-eight overseas workers, mostly British, who had been invited to America early in 1939 to campaign there. When war broke out they with other British nationals stayed on in America at the advice of British consular officials acting on instructions from their Embassy.

The Presidential Appeal Board, the highest draft authority in the United States, had ruled in 1941, "It appears conclusively from the record that the Moral Re-Armament movement has aroused the hearty acclaim of all elements of our people and is considered an essential element of our national defence programme." In 1942, similar rulings were given.

The enemies of the work of Moral Re-Armament, aided by certain officials who disclosed confidential files to them, began a systematic smear campaign in the press.

The following incident is typical of the sort of treatment the work received at that time.

A Board of Selective Service was due to have one of the Moral Re-Armament workers before it to hear his evidence and decide his case for deferment. A detailed report of the judgment in this matter, violently and abusively hostile to the man concerned, was cabled across the Atlantic and splashed across the headlines of one of the less reputable English national newspapers.

This story appeared eight hours *before* the sitting of the Board to hear the case took place in America. But after the evidence had been taken there, the judgment delivered, not only in its sense but also its phrasing, was exactly as had appeared in the English newspaper eight hours earlier.

The form of smear used by some sections of the American press at this time was the suggestion that the work of Moral Re-Armament was pro-Nazi. In view of the discovery of the secret Gestapo document indicting the work as the "pacemaker of Anglo-American diplomacy" and "the Christian garment of democracy" this charge is now seen to be ludicrous.

But at the time it succeeded in fooling many people of goodwill. A distortion of an interview which Frank

Picture opposite: Frank Buchman welcomes some of his men on their return from Europe, Christmas, 1945.

Hand to cap is Captain John Caulfeild, son of General Caulfeild. Shaking hands with Dr. Buchman is Captain R. M. S. Barrett, who directed the Orientation programme first for the Eighth Air Force and then for the American Air Forces in Europe. Next to him is Captain John Cotton Wood of the Adjutant General's Staff; then Lieut. B. R. Entwistle and Captain R. B. Hale. These were among the men who were specially released by General Marshall, as U.S. Chief of Staff, to resume their work for Moral Re-Armament.



“ . . . home to fight . . . ”

Buchman gave way back in 1936 was dished up again and again. Every time the old sensationalised hash of delusion and confusion reappeared a few more spoonfuls of spice had been added to it, so it became more and more unrecognisable.

The original 1936 newspaper report is available for those who take the trouble to read it. The whole tenor is to call upon dictators everywhere for a change of heart and to bring their nations under the control of God. It also shows clearly that long before others recognised it, Frank Buchman saw the gathering danger of Marxism as an organised world force and tried to forewarn and forearm democracy everywhere against it.

In spite of a sustained protest from the most responsible sections of American life, and especially from industry, where the most influential men in both Labour and Management publicly told of the effective way Moral Re-Armament men were breaking the bottleneck of production on which the result of the war depended, the vicious press campaign had its effect and Frank Buchman's men were taken into the armed forces.

And here is the amazing part of the story. At the pitch of the campaign to end MRA for ever, Frank Buchman himself nearly came to his end. Suddenly he was stricken with a serious illness. The best medical advice available in America pronounced his case as almost hopeless.

All over the world, in cottage and castle, in shipyard and dock, in coalmines and in the forces, in church and chapel, hundreds of thousands of ordinary men and women prayed for the life of the man who had taught them to become fighters in the war of ideas. In Britain at that time chains of prayer were continued night and day for weeks on end in most big cities.

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In America Gould Lincoln, the doyen of Washington political columnists, wrote in his column of the *Washington Star* called "The Political Mill," "Today there lies seriously ill in Saratoga, N.Y., a man who has striven for years to bring a new sense of unity and peace to individuals and nations in the simplest of all ways. He is Frank Buchman, originator of the Oxford Group. . . . He has always been a fighter for a new world.

"Ever since 1918 when, watching the frantic post-war struggle for security, he realised that this security was frail and false, his challenge to a materialistic age has been consistent and unwavering. He fought on for a hate-free, fear-free, greed-free world. Like other men who set themselves to turn back the trend of an age, he has met opposition from those who see no need for change. . . .

"Recognition of the work done in this country has come from leading members of Congress. Among the signatories of a tribute of this kind were Senators Truman of Missouri, Thomas of Utah, and Representatives Wadsworth of New York and Lea of California. It said, 'The spirit of this patriotic crusade of Moral Re-Armament has run like a flame throughout the English-speaking world.' "

Frank Buchman recovered. Probably the illness added years to his life, giving him refreshment at a time he sorely needed it. Today he is as alert and vigorous in his warfare as ever before, far more rested, and with a yet deeper mellowness and maturity of statesmanship which suffering and danger bring.

But for a time he was virtually out of action. Almost all his whole-time trained men were away, taken from him and scattered over the war fronts of the world, in Africa and Europe, in Burma and the Pacific Isles.

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The enemies of democracy, who stayed behind to continue their undermining activities in the fabric of the nations, thought they had succeeded in destroying Moral Re-Armament for ever.

Instead, they provided a world-wide demonstration of the indestructibility of the work. Their venom offered the crowning justification of Frank Buchman's steady, selfless policy through many years never to rely on any one individual, himself or anybody else, but to build revolutionary teams of ordinary men and statesmen everywhere.

At a time when the enemies of democracy expected MRA to wither, it blossomed and spread and grew. Thousands of people who knew what was right stepped forward to shoulder the cost and sweat and responsibility of renaissance which until then had been largely borne by the whole-time workers.

In the armed forces hundreds of first-rate men of many nations through their contact with the MRA workers were enlisted and are now returning to civilian life to fight the war of ideas at Frank Buchman's side.

In Britain the Moral Re-Armament programme was supported and sponsored by the elected civic heads of five hundred and sixty-seven communities, representing more than half the adult population of this island.

The philosophy in many forms many times reached over thirty million people out of a total population of forty-five millions.

The Lord Mayor of Bristol and the Mayor of East Ham said that the work of MRA helped most to create that spirit in their people under terrible bombardment which aroused the admiration of the world.

And three hundred housewives of London teamed together. They gave a day a week each to cleaning and

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running as a skeleton staff the headquarters at Clive House, Berkeley Square, through which a constant and gathering river of people flow.

In America men like Rear-Admiral Richard E. Byrd, one of the best-known and respected citizens in that country, spoke out. He said: "This Group is one of the most unselfish, hard-working, conscientious bodies of men I have ever come in contact with . . . there can be no question of the results they have achieved in most of the States of the Union."

A handbook giving a vivid presentation of the Moral Re-Armament philosophy rapidly sold over a million copies. The foreword was written by General John J. Pershing, the only living man who bears the proud title "General of the Armies of the United States of America."

Labour leaders, industrialists, mayors and housewives everywhere who had caught the spirit began to fight to spread it through their communities.

And as the industrial difficulties of America increased and as the impending storms of post-war reconversion drew nearer, louder and more insistently came the demand for the return of the Moral Re-Armament men. The extremist groups intrigued hard against it. They hoped to pick some political power for themselves out of post-war industrial disputes which the MRA men were trained and equipped to cure.

But this time they lost out.

General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, issued an order from Washington specially releasing the MRA trained men from their military duties for service in industry. So the fight to serve was won.

They came home again. But some who might have fought with them did not come back.

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One lies in the sands of Africa, and his sister bears the ribbon of the Victoria Cross he won before he died.

Another sleeps on Okinawa, and the letters he sent to his family before he was killed have been read by tens of thousands and sparked them to new living.

Others lie in the ocean—the Commander in a destroyer off Crete, the leader of an attackers' party on D-Day—and many more.

Another was killed as he climbed from his tank to help a wounded comrade.

So many of them dead, so many wounded, but the rest came home to fight with Frank Buchman for a free future. All ranks they were, high and low, and wearing their decorations.

Frank Buchman stood at an American airfield as one plane-load of them flew in. He stood there with a crowd of his friends in the glare of the searchlight and the shadows of the moon. Across the concrete runway they came towards him, and there for a full minute they stood in stillness together. Scarcely a word was said.

But the tears rolled down Frank Buchman's face, and he was not alone in that. Then as a couple of the soldiers linked arms with him, he turned towards the waiting cars saying, "Well, you're home. And now let's get into the fight."

CHAPTER VIII

ANSWER TO THE ATOM

NEW MEXICO set the problem. Old Mackinac gives the answer.

In the remote desert of New Mexico in 1945 the scientists exploded the first atom bomb, which ushered in a new revolutionary age for the statesman and the ordinary fellow. Later that same year in the lonely, lovely island of Mackinac the statesman and the ordinary man met together, two thousand of them from twenty nations and forty-five states. Together they explored the secret of a renaissance adequate for a new revolutionary age, and set it on the march across the world.

The Island of Mackinac lies where the Great Lakes of America mingle together, in the neck of the straits linking Huron, Michigan and Superior. Past the island night and day in an endless cavalcade ride the long ships, loaded to the gunwales with iron ore and coal on the way to Chicago, Cleveland and Detroit.

For the clear, cold waters of the straits are a main artery of American industry. Through them raw materials are pumped into the heart of the most mighty and majestic communities of power that the world yet has seen.

The State of Michigan is the core of the American arsenal. Heavy industry is the bulwark and backbone of that State. And the work of Frank Buchman and his Moral Re-Armament team proved so effective in bringing a revolutionary conception of teamwork to industry during the war years when the fate of democracy depended on it that many leading figures in Labour and Management

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became interested in furthering the impact of the work.

From Detroit it was ascertained that the authorities concerned were willing to make available the only premises on Mackinac Island which were at that time both vacant and large enough to meet the calls for accommodation that Frank Buchman and his Moral Re-Armament workers would have.

So the Island House was handed over to MRA. It is an old property, one of the larger hotels on the island. At this time it was derelict. The walls were dilapidated. The roof leaked. Paint hung from the place in strips and shreds.

Undaunted, the pioneers set to work. The MRA volunteers put on overalls and busied themselves with ladders, saws and paintbrushes. They enlisted scores of housewives with dusters and mops.

All over America families who knew the nation-shaping, war-winning work MRA was performing dug into their savings and also sent blankets, linen and stores.

Within a short time what had been an eyesore became an attraction. A property worth little became useful once again. And the world heard of it and came streaming to the island. Here the first post-war World Assembly for Moral Re-Armament was held. The island was still crowded two months after the normal seasonal visitors had left.

Mackinac, pronounced Mackinaw, is an Indian word which means Turtle. That is the shape of the island. And sometimes, as Indian legend says, the turtle stirs and rolls over in his sleep, so the waters of the Great Lakes stamp and roar with fury, and the watchful bells, anchored along the coast to warn mariners of the rocks and shoals, never cease their deep peal of alarm.

Mackinac Island holds a strategic position in the American continent. A trading post was near here, and

communities had gathered in this neighbourhood long before the first foundations of the first building were hacked out of the rock of Manhattan Island, the forerunner to the skyscrapers of New York.

The island has been Indian, English, French and American, and soldiers of all those people lie side by side for ever near the old Fort, with its lumber walls and spiked defences, which crowns the steep cliff and overlooks the landing.

John Jacob Astor built his fur fortune there—his shingled house and store-room, where the trappers came with the pelts ripped from the teeming forests of spruce and fir and cedar, still stands.

It is a place rich in Indian legends. For on Mackinac Island the Indians believed that the Michi Manitou, a god of all the Indians, lived. Up through the Arch Rock his spirit came in the spring and all through the summer brooded over and blessed the fortunes of his people while around him the bear and deer and foxes roamed. In the fall he sank back majestically into the deep waters of the Great Lakes, where in the hidden caverns of his palaces the white fish and salmon, the trout and sturgeon swam and spawned.

Pontiac, the great chief, sat on his rocky seat across the straits and watched his war canoes turn homeward, while an Indian princess flung herself from a cliff on Mackinac Island to be with her brave for ever, after she had seen him tomahawked to death in a canoe battle between the Hurons and the Chippewas.

No cars are allowed on Mackinac Island. You go about in horse-drawn carriages or on bicycles or on foot. So silence is only broken by the laughter of the waters, the chuckle of the winds and the everlasting voices of the forest and the grass.

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And there Frank Buchman, who gave up a home of his own long ago, but has built homes wherever his journeys have led him, created a home which is the heart of a world revolution.

Arthur Baker, Chief of the Parliamentary Staff of *The Times*, a man who has been behind the scenes in world politics for nearly thirty years, invited by American Labour Leaders and industrialists to the World Assembly for Moral Re-Armament at Mackinac, said as he left there to fly back to Britain, "This is the headquarters of the hope of the world."

From end to end of the world in the summer of 1945 over two thousand people made their way to meet Frank Buchman and his trained fighters at Mackinac. From twenty nations and forty-five states, from India and China, South Africa and Jugoslavia, Burma and Australia, Holland, Switzerland, Ireland, Scandinavia and France—soldiers and statesmen, newspapermen and industrialists, Labour leaders and lawyers, sailors and airmen.

Some came straight from concentration camps where they had been imprisoned by the Nazis because of their work in Moral Re-Armament.

There were representatives of many Churches, an Episcopalian Bishop, and a Catholic priest sent as special observer by a Catholic Archbishop who has since been made a Cardinal.

There were leaders of society and housewives, publishers and politicians, merchant and banker and farmer, ordinary men and women from every walk of life. They came to forge together the weapons and the spirit that could remake the world.

And behind and before and within every activity of that amazing assembly, the embodiment of the very

spirit of the place, was Frank Buchman himself, never too busy to meet the deepest personal needs of the fellow who sat next him at the table, but with his mind always at large on a world front, sensing all the time the tremendous militant march of anti-democratic ideas across the world and questing for the words and the music and the plays and the books and the spirit which could interpret democracy's answering ideology, Moral Re-Armament, to millions of ordinary folk all over the world so that in time they will change, unite and fight to turn the tide of history.

So many conferences fail because plans get out of touch with people. But Frank Buchman's plans are people. "Where you have people, you have a plan," he says. So through all the planning at Mackinac was woven with genius and inspiration the great familiar experiences of family life, marriages, birthdays, even death itself.

A trade delegation from South Africa to the United States, headed by Colonel Kruger, nephew of the great President of the Transvaal who fought the British in the Boer War, came to Mackinac Island. They had heard back in Washington of the miracles at the assembly.

They arrived expecting to find a heavy conference atmosphere. Instead, a wedding was taking place on the lawn in front of the Island House. Several hundred delegates were there amid the sunshine and the flowers, the three hundred teen-age kids from every part of America and Canada who came to the assembly to help plan for the youth of the world were there in their best clothes, and many of the island residents were there, joining in the festivities and listening to the homespun, world-remaking philosophy so simply and so deeply mingled in the ceremony. "Sound homes make sound

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nations. When we have nations with sound families we shall see a real family of nations."

Forty-eight hours in this atmosphere introduced the Colonel and his friends to a new world.

On leaving the United States Colonel Kruger wired from the plane, "My visit to Mackinac showed me what I came to America for."

On the very day at Mackinac that another marriage took place in the dining-room downstairs, beautifully decorated with flowers and ferns and with a simple altar placed in front of the fireplace, upstairs in a bedroom the Bishop, one of Frank Buchman's oldest friends, who had hoped and planned to take a part in the celebrations, was fighting out the last hours of his life.

As the sound of the singing came up through the floor he joined in it with his nurse. The wedding couple, radiant at the start of a new life, went up later to receive the blessing of a man ready to depart from the old one.

"Walking into that room last night seeing his smile, the fear of death left me that I had carried all my life," said a leader of Labour next morning.

A few days later the funeral service of the Bishop was held in the same dining-room where the wedding took place. At the graveside at the top of the island the old Indian saying was remembered—"Whom God loves, to him He gives a home at Mackinac." Telegrams were sent from the President of the United States, from Chiang Kai-shek and Madame Chiang and from statesmen and leaders all over the world whose hearts turned at that hour to the island in the Great Lakes and the new spirit to remake men and nations which it was exporting to the world and of which the dead man had been so distinctive a part.

A figure world-famous in the field of industry, coming

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away from the graveside and looking at the radiance of the faces of the many nations as they walked back to the Island House, said, "This is more than the United Nations Organisation. It is the United Nations Organism."

A member of one of the leading delegations to the San Francisco conference said while at Mackinac, "The answer to *Will San Francisco succeed?* depends on what happens here. You are revitalising the faith and democracy of America which is going to the world, so the world is coming to Mackinac to learn more."

A business man said, "If the management side of industry catches the spirit, it means change. It also means we shall recapture the trust of Labour which our selfishness has forfeited. If we do not catch this spirit, we risk war in industry ending in some sort of control by force."

"Two years ago the President of our company and I came to Mackinac. What we learned here has saved the company a quarter of a million dollars," declared the President of a CIO union in Philadelphia, while Gordon MacDonald, Vice-President of the United Automobile Workers Local 212 (Briggs Bodies) was instrumental during his year of office and following a visit to Mackinac in cutting man-hour loss from 2,500,000 in 1944 to 4,500 in the first eight months of 1945.

Dr. Chang Kia-ngau, who built the Burma road, and who for seven years was in Chiang Kai-shek's cabinet, said in a month's visit to Mackinac, "You and the sages of China say the same thing. I can see how to revitalise China through MRA."

From Mackinac at the end of 1945 and the beginning of 1946 a task force of two hundred and seven, among them Frank Buchman, and representing seventeen nations, took the road across America, armed with the new weapons in the war of ideas which they had helped

to forge, the plays and books, the songs, the stories, on the march to reach the millions. Their aim was to set democracy on the attack in the war of ideas, to put democracy's inspired answer to any "ism" on legs and get it into action across the world.

The MRA plays are revolutionary. They are something new in theatre. They are atomic weapons in the war of ideas. Arthur Hopkins, doyen of American theatrical producers, describes one of them as "more than a play—a national force."

They are played with freshness and fire which you find nowhere else on modern stage or screen. Indeed, they are lived out rather than acted. They sparkle with wit, shine with humour and fun and sometimes glow with tears. Each performance is a poignant act of creation, and brings something new to birth on the stage as well as in every heart in the audience. In fighting for the renaissance of the world a renaissance of the theatre is also being produced.

The cast give their services free. Their names are not printed on the programme.

One play, *The Forgotten Factor*, was described by Senator (later President) Truman as "the most important play produced by the war," when he and Congressman James W. Wadsworth, co-author of the Selective Service Act, headed the committee sponsoring its world premiere in Washington, D.C. Among the other sponsors for this showing were General John J. Pershing, Admiral William D. Leahy, Chief of Staff to President Roosevelt, Senator Elbert D. Thomas, Chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, Mr. William Green, President of the American Federation of Labour and Mr. Philip Murray, President of the Congress of Industrial Organisations.

The play offers an answer for industry, and it is a proved weapon. Already it has been used to bring change to industrial situations which seemed drifting into deadlock.

Another play is called *Drugstore Revolution*, written, produced and acted by the teen-agers out of their own experience. It packs the punch and positive programme which youth of today is looking for and without which it may go off the rails.

And it helps the grown-ups too. A Labour leader from Detroit, a man who had made trouble, stood up on the stage after one performance with the front of his shirt all wet with tears. "You can see what this does to a tough labour guy," he said.

His wife tore up the divorce papers which she already had spent 200 dollars in preparing. "A new home is worth more than that," she said. And their new home life is typical of hundreds of homes which have become new after showings of the *Drugstore Revolution*.

There is *And Still They Fight*, which tells the amazing and true story of the life, death and glory of Fredrik Ramm, the Norwegian patriot, and how one man changed can impact and inspire a nation. And *The Statesman's Dream*, a musical fantasy of the conference table—yet it is not fantasy but fact. For it shows mirthfully yet skilfully why it is that international conferences sometimes fail and how they can begin to succeed.

Often crowds have to turn away from the theatres when these MRA shows are being played. For it is impossible to find seats for all who want to see and enjoy them. And here is a remarkable thing. The audiences will not leave the theatre.

Sometimes when the final curtain has fallen they will sit in complete silence for a long time. Other times they

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will break into a cyclone of enthusiasm and applause. But always, at all these plays, a large section of the audience stays on and on and on in the theatre, eager to talk with the cast and to ask how they can join in the battle for a new world. Usually it is long after midnight when the last of the audience leave the theatre, and then often and only because some harassed stage-manager begins to flicker the lights off and on as a sign that he feels bedtime has come.

Frank Buchman, with these plays and other weapons and with his fighting force of two hundred and seven, went from Mackinac to Grand Rapids and Detroit, to Grosse Pointe, Minneapolis and St. Paul, Seattle and Salem. They crossed into Canada and blitzed Vancouver and Victoria. Then down to San Francisco and Los Angeles. They were welcomed by Mayors and Governors, by Labour and Management, by educational authorities and the young people themselves.

In every city they drew large crowds, and the thinking and living of the whole community was shifted. A new moral climate began to be created in some of the largest cities of America.

In every city the MRA task force established the true battleline right through the community. It rallied all people of goodwill in a common programme which rose above party, class or race, to change, unite and fight with all they have to build a free world under God. In every city the organised forces of materialism tried vainly to confuse, smear and divide. Hundreds of thousands of ordinary men and women saw both danger and opportunity clearly for the first time.

Artur Rodzinski, the conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and his wife, Halina, flew three thousand miles in bad weather across America to spend

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a few days with Frank Buchman and his men and help in the fight. Speaking to a crowded audience from the stage of a theatre where Moral Re-Armament plays were being shown, Rodzinski said, "The actual war is stopped, but the war of ideas is going on. If we lose this war of ideas, all we have tried to preserve for posterity will have been lost. There is where MRA comes in. You find here is an answer to the burning question, 'What next in this world of confusion?' You also find a positive answer on how to combat the 'isms' which are nothing less than materialism."

And at the end of the first lap of the journey which may mark the start of the march of humanity to its next stage and step of progress, two reactions gave a picture of the effect of the work.

At Los Angeles a garage, although vastly overcrowded and with far more work than it could undertake, gave priority and cut rates to the servicing of the MRA task force cars.

"That's what interests me—what the ordinary fellow thinks of us," was Frank Buchman's comment.

The same day a letter from the office of the Chief of Naval Operations of the Navy Department, Washington, and signed by Admiral Byrd, was received. Part of it said, "I have been thinking of you fellows, and still again for about the thousandth time I want to congratulate you for the wonderful work you are doing. I am sure you fellows see more clearly than I do that the atomic bomb has made your work far more important than ever. It is apparent we have created an environment that is a very tough one to fit ourselves into. But since we cannot fit

Picture opposite: Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman, from the portrait by Frank O. Salisbury.



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the environment to ourselves, it becomes absolutely necessary to fit ourselves to the environment and we cannot possibly do this unless we change ourselves. This, of course, applies to the whole human race. . . . You fellows are on the right track."

CHAPTER IX

THE GLORIOUS LIBERTY

IN THIS day and generation Moral Re-Armament offers the working answer. Men of insight and instinct recognise that its overarching plan anticipates every need.

Its framework is free and spacious. There is nothing niggardly, mean or institutional about it. It is neither hair shirt nor silk cushion. Instead it casts its mantle wide across the world embracing and including people of every class and colour, party, race and viewpoint.

It offers all men liberty—the glorious liberty of the children of God, so they can have life and have it more abundantly as each plays a destined part in the remaking of the world.

It is within and for all nations. Above the discords of peace and of war the overtones of its supernational plan sound ever more clearly.

Years ago at Geneva Frank Buchman forged the term “supernational”, which since then has been taken up as a keynote by many who plan the future. Buchman then said, “Nationalism can unite a nation. Supernationalism can unite a world. God-controlled supernationalism is the only sure foundation for world peace.”

At Geneva before the war Buchman and his fellow-fighters offered the statesmen a philosophy, framework and plan adequate for every problem which confronted them. History was made by those who responded. As the tale of Norway earlier in this book shows, Carl Hambro was one who had the insight to see Moral

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Re-Armament as the answer for his country—and the courage to help apply it.

The story of many nations and of the world itself would have been different had all the statesmen at Geneva accepted the challenge and the chance. Some lacked diagnosis of the root disease of the world and so failed to recognise the cure. Some saw the pattern, but lacked the passion to fight for it, fearing what others might say or quailing from the cost to themselves. For those who would play a full part in leading the world to freedom from the hates, fears and greeds which are mobilised and organised to enslave it must learn to include the secret of that freedom within their own living.

Just as at Geneva before the war an answer was available which some statesmen had the vision to accept, so again Moral Re-Armament offered a working answer to the statesmen who came to San Francisco as the war ended for the United Nations Conference on International Organisation.

Long before Yalta the coming of Frank Buchman and his men to San Francisco had been planned as part of a growing strategy which had advanced in California from the time in 1939 when thirty thousand crowded the Hollywood Bowl to hear the challenge of MRA and fifteen thousand more were turned away. California had been from that time forward a seedbed for the development of democracy's inspired ideology during the war years. San Francisco had become a bastion for Moral Re-Armament, a Gibraltar in the war of ideas.

There had been a vigorous response from Management, Labour and the officials of the State. At the San Francisco World Fair in 1939 two days were given to Moral Re-Armament. In 1940 the San Francisco city

council declared a "Moral Re-Armament week for national unity". On both occasions the news was broadcast to the world.

In 1940 industrial round tables in California initiated a national fight for teamwork in industry which at once made a powerful impact on the vast industrial plants situated along the western coast. At that time the President of the largest local branch of the American Federation of Labour wrote, "There are planes on the fighting fronts today that would not be there but for the enthusiasm and the unselfish leadership the MRA workers have brought into the ranks of Labour."

In California the handbook was written which played such a decisive part in many nations where national morale needed the boost of an inspired ideology. It called on all men of goodwill to change, unite and fight for sound homes, teamwork in industry and national unity. A preface by John J. Pershing, the General of the Armies of the United States and leader of the American Expeditionary Force in World War I, commended its message to every American. Shortly after Pearl Harbour he sent a copy of this booklet *You Can Defend America* to President Roosevelt as his initial contribution to the new war effort.

In America alone it sold over one million copies. It was published in twelve nations and many tongues.

The response of sound Labour to the programme of Moral Re-Armament in California and San Francisco has been steady and developing through the years. The San Francisco Labour paper *Organized Labor* carries weekly articles on the work and has done so ever since 1940.

It was into this situation where for so long MRA had been producing an effective answer to national, indus-

trial and domestic problems that the UNCIO delegates came.

A large number of delegates recognised in this working programme the answer to the nations' needs and began to turn to it.

Delegates from twelve nations arranged a special showing of one of the MRA plays for members of the conference. A representative audience of six hundred attended and General Carlos Romulo, head of the Philippine delegation and deputy to General MacArthur in the early days of the Pacific war, said in introducing the play, "If this same spirit is reflected in the conference room, we will present the world with a charter that will usher in the new world with that lasting peace for which our boys are fighting and dying on the battlefield."

General Romulo himself found a secret at that play. *The Manchester Guardian*, one of the best informed newspapers in Britain, commented that it was an unsolved mystery of the conference how the Philippine delegation had been won to such a change of heart that the lock of a major deadlock had been picked.

Gould Lincoln, in his column "The Political Mill," which is published in the *Washington Star*, commenting about the way in which the delegates at the San Francisco Conference had turned to Moral Re-Armament for an answer, said, "That MRA had its measure of effect on the conference itself is the testimony given by several of the leaders of the conference delegations."

When UNO reassembled in London in 1946, again they found MRA at work with its global plan and its offer of a global force already available and trained to implement that plan any time, anywhere.

Norman Makin, the Australian who became first president of the Security Council, turned to MRA just

like his old chief John Curtin, the Labour Premier of Australia, who had called his entire nation to a programme of Moral Re-Armament when the Japanese threatened invasion.

Makin went to a reception at Clive House, Berkeley Square, the London headquarters of MRA, on the eve of a most critical session of UNO. There were present delegates from America, Britain, France, Belgium, Denmark, Norway, Jugoslavia, and other countries. Holland, India and Switzerland were represented by some of their distinguished citizens.

Makin said, "At this hour, when humanity is given one last chance to unite and so answer the split atom, Moral Re-Armament is raising up a world force and a world philosophy adequate to reshape our times. I draw strength and hope from the evidence of a new spirit spreading in country after country. Moral Re-Armament is rendering great service to this one hope of the world."

Here is in existence the organism that could make the United Nations Organisation effective. Without this new element the old results are to be expected. With it that moral leadership will be restored to which Senator Vandenberg, U.S. delegate to UNO, referred in his speech to the Senate after his return from London—that moral leadership which the free peoples of the world too frequently allow to lapse and without which they are lost. "We can speak," said Senator Vandenberg, "with the extraordinary power inherent in this unselfishness. We need but one rule. What is right? Where is justice? There let America take her stand."

Frank Buchman and his friends are giving that idea of "What Is Right" legs. It has begun to march through the world as the master passion in the lives of millions.

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For MRA makes a faith in the lives of the nations those moral qualities which so often have become a phrase on their lips.

MRA is providing sound statesmanship with the sound citizenship to back it, and sound citizenship with the sound statesmanship to which it can and does respond. It bridges the gap between the statesman and the ordinary fellow and gives each a chance to play a part together in a single overarching plan.

Walter Nash, then Deputy Premier of New Zealand and chairman of the conference of the International Labour Office in Philadelphia, summed up the future when he spoke at the Washington showing of an MRA play in May, 1944.

He then said, "If we are determined to walk along the road these men and women of MRA show us, the sacrifices of the war will be worth while and we will build something better than we ever built before. There is no other way to a better world."

CHAPTER X

DEMOCRACY'S INSPIRED IDEOLOGY

HUMANITY has lived through an Ice Age, a Stone Age and an Iron Age. Now, two thousand years after the death of the Carpenter's Son, an age which seems to combine all three—the iron of greed, the stone of hate, and the ice of fear—an age which may be the last age of all unless we change, has enfolded the world.

We men know so much about everything, except the simple truths which matter. These we have forgotten. Yet they are our only light.

We span the continents and oceans with jet-planes and radio, but we have no idea how to build bridges between nations and span the differences of the human heart.

We can bomb thousands of houses to fragments, but we cannot mend broken homes.

We have released the colossal force of the split atom, but we cannot unite warring factions in industry.

We are part of man's blind march of massed selfishness towards anarchy and annihilation.

Some years ago the great Streeter said, "Nations which have grown up intellectually must grow up morally or they will perish." Today that truth will be demonstrated—and more swiftly than Streeter dreamed.

For at a private supper party on the West Coast of America the men who forged the first atom bomb said that the future development of this force will make it possible for the heart of a mighty city like New York or London, holding and housing millions of people, to be burst into dust at a single explosion.

Man for so long has attempted to govern the world God made. It does not work. And now the right of man to have a share in the decisions affecting his community is swiftly and subtly being wrested from him. Soon the decisions on which his children's lives depend may be out of his own control. For man is no longer willing to obey the laws of God which alone fit him for freedom.

So freedom is slowly dying. But yet there is hope.

For Frank Buchman has accomplished the most remarkable revolutionary feat of the twentieth century. He is doing on a world scale for democracy what the Black and Red revolutionaries are trying to do for dictatorship—he is setting freedom on the march again with a fighting force and fighting plan to occupy the hearts, heads and lives of all men and all nations.

This man has a global heart. He has moved way beyond the conception of theory—"One World"—to the experiment of practice—"One World that Works."

He is a true patriot of all nations—the biggest patriot any nation has. For his patriotism is never at the expense or detriment of another nation. Instead he offers all nations a philosophy which will enable them to rise to their full, selfless nationhood, their God-given destiny in a remade world.

Many are ready to die once for their own country. For years Buchman has done the costlier thing of living for every country daily.

A difference between the ideology of class or race rule and the inspired ideology of free democracy is this—that Frank Buchman, unlike Hitler, Marx or other materialistic revolutionaries, demands nothing for himself. He is not out to win power but to win people.

He devotes his days to developing others to true greatness. So Moral Re-Armament has become the

spearhead, signpost and speedway of human freedom.

It is not just one of many answers. It is God's answer and the only adequate answer to the problems of this age.

For today we have the choice of change or chains.

Democracy is at the cross-roads. The danger is far greater than in 1939. For then all of us saw where the danger lay. Today many of us, especially the well-meaning folk of goodwill, are blind to it.

We are like drunken men who have got into a fight. Together we have knocked out the big bullies. But we are still pretty drunken, and the strong drinks of class, lust, race, cash, greed, hate and fear are still being passed around.

Mighty, malignant, materialistic, anti-democratic ideas are on the march today. They are woven through the fabric of every nation. They are out to create confusion and to seize control. Their victory in the war of ideas will end the free world as we know it.

The war of ideas is not unlike the war of arms in some ways.

You get vast territories and nations completely invaded and conquered by one master idea.

You get camouflage when something which is not democracy is called democracy, and when something which is not freedom of the press or of religion is called freedom.

You get bridgeheads pushing out from such nations into neighbouring territories, raiding parties dropped behind democracy's lines and a growing crop of fifth columnists who, pretending to be the most patriotic citizens of all, actually do their utmost to open up the heart of their nation to the onslaught of some foreign ideology.

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In the free press of the world you find men who sedulously, subtly and often successfully play the game of the totalitarian philosophy.

And some newspapermen busy themselves to get the world to look at bloody revolution through rose-coloured glasses while others try and get us to believe that bloody revolution of another kind is not so black as it is painted.

The strategy of the totalitarian forces bidding for control today is global and simple. It is first to divide and then to rule.

It begins in home life. Homes are the cement of nations. When homes crack, nations crack. So on a world front today you have sound homes debunked with such glib cries as "Self-Expression", "Liberty", "Emancipation of Womanhood". You have jungle morality preached and praised and practised by minority groups who, once the jungle law is established on a world front, hope to step in from the Left and Right with their gags and chains and cages as the keepers of some sort of totalitarian zoo.

For example, two extremist agents planted to work among the youth of a certain university were instructed not to say anything of their ideology in their first year but only to undermine the morals of the student body. They knew that if people forget how to say "No" to themselves they are less likely to say "No" to the big idea which tells them the things they want are the right things for them to have.

The totalitarian attack on democracy runs through industry. There the doctrine "Hit the other fellow first and hit him hard" is preached to both Management and Labour. So industry loses its perspective. Instead of fulfilling its function of serving the community, of feeding, warming, housing and clothing the millions of the

earth, it becomes a battlefield in which factions struggle for personal power. Management has been so long in the saddle, and where has it driven the horse? Its responsibilities and opportunities are great. Yet a certain type of selfish mind still persists in its ranks. Organised power groups of the Right bid to establish the wrong kind of grip on industry. This helped to make a Hitler possible in Europe.

Inside the ranks of Labour, too, extremists try to use industry as a source of power and cash for themselves; they take genuine grievances and exploit them for their own private and party ends. If industry does not learn to work together, Management, Labour and Government like the fingers of one hand, it will be ruled by the mailed fist or the clenched fist.

Within the democratic nations every basic loyalty or patriotism is debunked by the totalitarians who want to transfer the allegiance of the citizens to a foreign ideology. And between nations, and especially between the great democracies, care is taken to make the worst of each fault and to divide as much as possible. Not every ideology in the world today wishes to see an understanding based on a new and deep level between the democratic powers.

What is the answer? These totalitarian groups at work on a world front today burn with a faith. It is a bad faith, but a big fire. And a faith, however good, in which only the dying embers are left will not spread so fast or so far. It will be overrun.

We live in an ideological age. Ideologies of one kind or another are going to capture nation after nation. In the next ten years, maybe sooner, we shall see it happen.

Is it to be for democracy the alien ideologies of master

race or master class? Or is it to be democracy's inspired ideology, Moral Re-Armament, which says that all men are free and equal under God to change, unite and fight for a free future and a remade world?

It takes an ideology to beat an ideology. It takes passion to beat passion, and a global plan to meet a global plan. These things MRA offers as democracy's answer to totalitarianism of any kind coming from any direction.

Today democracy without an inspired ideology is like a crab without a shell, tempting bait and easy meat for the evil birds of prey that seek to devour it. With an inspired ideology, democracy wears the whole armour of God and nothing can stand in the path as it sets freedom on the attack instead of the defensive, advancing through the world again. This is the task Moral Re-Armament is effectively undertaking on a world front today.

In the war of arms men and nations have a choice, whether to fight or no. But in the war of ideas we have no choice. Whether we realise it or not, all of us are in it. And if we don't know we are in it, we are probably being used as unconscious dupes and tools by the enemy. Each one of us is consciously the part of a conquering force or unconsciously through our complacency or conduct the prey of an "ism". World democracy will become over the next ten years either a battlefield, disunited and torn by contending factions and eventually taken over in nation after nation, or a battle force, united and strong, the wise and honest everywhere in all nations standing shoulder to shoulder in a common cause, proof against the infiltration of any "ism" and sharing a God-inspired plan to remake the world.

We hear of so many blueprints of a new world order from platform and pulpit. But Moral Re-Armament is

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past the blueprint stage. It is a working model, tried, tested and on the road on a world scale today.

It is *not* an organisation—you cannot join. You cannot resign. It is the way you live. It *is* an organism—working swiftly, silently and suddenly through the body of the world to lift the thinking and living of the millions and the leaders of the millions.

It is above party, class or viewpoint, offering all men of goodwill everywhere an equal position in the front line.

It is not Christianity with a cushion. It is Christianity with a Cross.

Moral Re-Armament is bringing a new moral climate to the nations. In an age when fogs of fear, cyclones of suspicion, gales of greed and hurricanes of hate perplex the world, it offers the sunrise of a new illumination.

It offers the superforce of a God-given dynamic spirit to bring the unity of humanity, which is the only answer to the split atom and without which no international organisation, however well prepared, will work.

As Frank Buchman said goodbye in 1946 to the delegates of many nations as they went back to their own countries, these were his words, “The greatest thing you can do is so to live that you leave an inspired democracy as a heritage to your nation.”

And this is the answer.

It is normal living.